

What it's like to be
MRS. GOUZENKO

the Canadian Woman

Madeline

March 1954

20 Cents



The Old Folks—
every family's
touchiest problem

Here's How to Relax

Sew and Save—
make this cover dress

Six Spring Fashion Pages



Richer cakes!
Tastier ones, too!

*because you add your
own fresh egg to* →



Chocolate Mocha Marvel

A lip-smacking new delight made in a jiffy with
ROBIN HOOD CHOCOLATE CAKE MIX

M-m-m! It's a beauty, isn't it? But just wait 'til you taste it! Every luscious bite is so light, so moist, so rich-in-chocolate that you'll want to make *all* your chocolate cakes the Robin Hood Cake Mix way from now on.

And it is a different way than most mixes. For you add your own fresh egg. That's what gives you that tempting flavor, that extra richness that you can't possibly get with mixes that contain dried or powdered eggs.

Follow the easy directions on side panel of the Robin Hood Chocolate Cake Mix package. Bake in two 8-inch layers as directed.

Mocha Icing: Cream 4 tablespoons of soft butter until fluffy; add 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Combine 5 tablespoons of strong coffee with 2 tablespoons of evaporated milk or heavy cream and 1 tablespoon of cocoa. Add alternately with 4 cups of sifted icing sugar and beat until smooth and creamy.

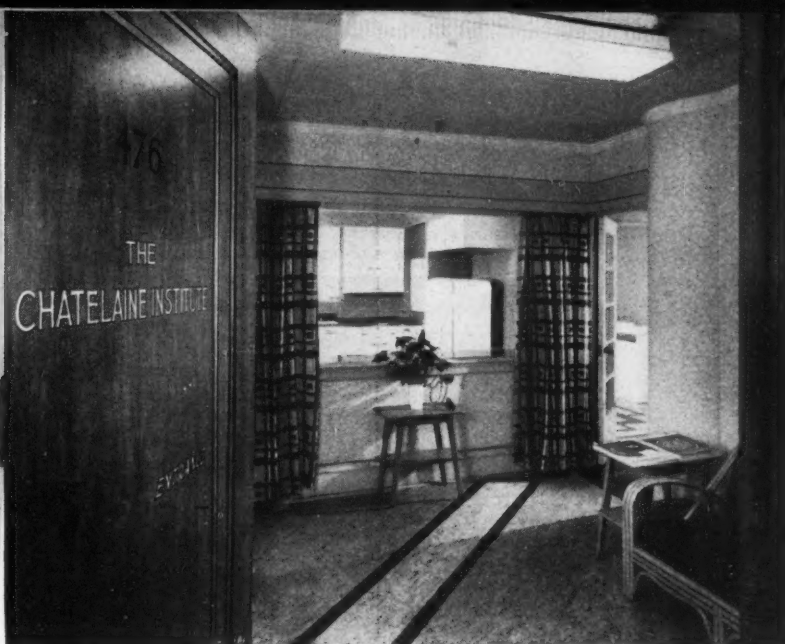
When you add your
own fresh egg, you
know it's fresh!



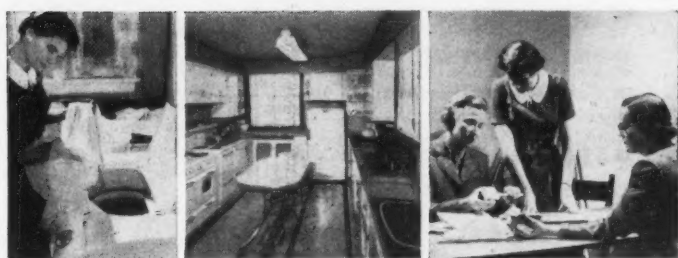
Robin Hood Fresh Egg Cake Mixes

only Robin Hood Fresh Egg Cake Mixes give you such richness, such tenderness

*Listen to the Robin Hood Musical Kitchen starring Cliff McKay
Monday through Friday — Trans-Canada Network*



Chatelaine Centre



In Chatelaine Institute a nylon slip gets fourteen washings a day and cakes are baked in batches as Marie Holmes, Jean Byers and Frances Hucks (left to right) test new products, new recipes, and new methods to help Canadians keep house.

STEALING INTO SEVERELY PROPER, wood-paneled halls, a spicy scent of fresh-baked apple pie curls out from under the chastely gold-lettered door. Businessmen, swinging down the corridors, pause to take another sniff. A stenographer across the hall slows the pizzicato of her typewriter. A powerful fragrance, that little whiff of home, incongruously rising in an eight-story office building. For it makes its unerring way from the spotless, grey-and-yellow test kitchens of Chatelaine Institute in Toronto into the ovens of more than four hundred thousand homemakers across Canada.

Chatelaine Institute, that anomaly in a business building, has been ladling out neighborly advice and counsel, household hints and new recipes, for exactly twenty-four years this March and is the only institute devoted to housewifely problems that works in and for the editorial department of a Canadian magazine.

It has a staff of three home economists, Marie Holmes, director, Frances Hucks and Jean Byers. This doesn't mean, however, that they are above burning a finger on a hot iron, or that they never have failures, even as we have.

"We must have made twelve batches of a new peanut-butter icing before we got the consistency right," Frances recalled recently. "And all the while the photographer jittered about waiting to take its picture, too."

All your household tasks are multiplied and magnified in the institute's model kitchen and laundry rooms. They bake a cake, not once a week, but two or three times a day, for example, when they're testing cake mixes and evolving new recipes. They wash a nylon slip—the same nylon slip—fourteen times a day to test its wearing qualities. Jean Byers has one nylon slip still in the washing machine that she calculates has had the equivalent of twenty years and three months of ordinary once-a-week washdays. They clean their upholstery with nine different kinds of cleaners and mix up six different batches of starch to test them in action and they plan menus, not only thirty days in advance, but three months ahead.

The product of all this incessant but controlled activity is translated into articles, menus, recipes and household hints that appear in the magazine, and also into the green, black and gold Chatelaine Seal of Approval. You, the buyer, can be sure when you see this on household equipment and food products that it has been tested and approved by women, for women. But maybe you didn't know these Chatelaine tests have resulted in such important changes that manufacturers frequently visit the institute to ask our advice.

"Our aim is to keep our fingers on Mrs. Homemaker's pulse," says Marie Holmes. "We try to give her news of all the latest developments that will make her housekeeping easier and her meals more attractive; we find out her problems and the answers to them."

The echo of Mrs. Homemaker's pulse comes to the institute's collective ear through letters and telephone calls, from Chatelaine's own two-thousand-strong Consumer Council surveys and via the country-wide trips and meetings where women can meet institute representatives personally.

The institute's mail and telephone desk are as busy as a back-fence gossip. "Why does the mixture ride up on the beaters of my electric mixer?" (Too thick.) "My marmalade won't thicken. What shall I do?" (Boil it again.) "How do I get paint off my cotton housedress?" (Scrape off excess, rub lard into the stain, soak in turpentine and wash in warm suds.) "How much tea do I need to make five thousand cups?"

In its twenty-four years of experience, the institute has noted some encouraging trends in Canadian cooking. They think the depression and war taught us to look for value in our food and to pay attention to brands and grades. They find housewives more eager to share their own recipes and to seek new ideas from other sources. There's more variety in our daily menus and more home cooks are experimenting with wine and herbs and spices. This is a case, to reverse the old proverb, where the more cooks with their spoons in the broth, the better.

Oh, yes, you need twenty-five pounds of tea to make five thousand cups. ♦

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"I wonder why she didn't marry him!"

KITTY had never read such beautiful love letters. How could any woman resist the warmth and devotion they expressed? She looked again at the faded photograph taken in the early '90s, and decided that her aunt's suitor had been very handsome. She knew, too, from remarks occasionally dropped, that he had been brilliant, cultured and well-off, and that, momentarily at least, his affections had been returned.

Why, she wondered, had her aunt refused him to marry instead the plain, little man who had led her a don's stodgy existence till death terminated it for both of them.

"Why? Why?" she kept asking herself.

She would have been shocked to learn the real reason... a reason that, on paper, seems trivial perhaps, but which, in life, looks large as a sinister barrier that can turn arid to indifference.

You Never Know

The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you may not know when you're guilty of offending. It may be ab-

sent one day, present the next.

And, when you *are* guilty, you put yourself in the worst possible light, when you want to be at your best.

Why take this risk when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful, *extra-careful* precaution against offending? Never, never omit it before any date.

Stops It for Hours

You simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and bad breath is stopped for hours.

Yes, in actual clinical tests, in 7 out of 10 cases breath remained much fresher and sweeter for more than four hours after a Listerine Antiseptic rinse.

While sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis, say some authorities, are due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odor it causes.

Lambert Pharmacal Company (Canada) Limited, Toronto.



(Made in Canada)

Stop bad breath for hours

with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Every week on Radio:

"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET" See your paper for time and station

Chatelaine



Vol. 27 No. 3

Our Sew-and-Save basic dress can go anywhere, anytime. We sewed it in silk cotton broadcloth after we learned to fit the pattern perfectly (page 31). Photo by Rockett.

Chatelaine

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Reader Takes Over

More Advice for the Woods Family

I'D LIKE TO SEE the Woods family (We Sent an Expert to Help This Family, January) try to buy a house (not new), carry insurance, and raise a family on considerably less than \$4,450, as we are doing. We pay as we go or do without. And we enjoy life. Let's be honest: they are living away beyond their means. On \$4,450 we could bank \$1,000 a year and still feel we were living like kings.—Mrs. D. Milner, Winnipeg.

... Tell them ... to get down on their knees and ask God to take away the foolish pride that makes them want to live beyond their means ... To sell the car and get a bike if necessary ... According to their picture they have much waste land that could be producing raspberries, strawberries, currants, boysenberries, tomatoes ... To use more stews, soups, puddings ... Out of each cheque put some in the bank. On less than half his salary I sent my three children to university.—No Pride, Vancouver.

... I can't see why this family should have trouble making ends meet.—Mrs. M. Rolomoga, Whitby, Ont.

... That Margolius Budget rather disturbed me. It is the first I have studied where no mention is made of religious support.—Rev. W. B. Macdonald, Geraldton, Ont.

Since moving to this house the Woods family has not joined another church and consequently has not yet resumed regular giving to church work by envelope. Like many Canadian families they make their contributions out of funds allotted by their budget to personal expenses when they go to church and Sunday school.—The Editors.

Four Hundred See Pageant

Last Sunday evening almost four hundred people crowded our church here for the pageant (The First Christmas, November), everyone expressing their admiration. Many thanks.—W. H. Peckover, Lloydminster, Sask.

... Thank you for the Nativity pageant. Tonight sixty-eight children of our combined Sunday schools presented The First Christmas. It was lovely and many felt a lump in the throat and a shiver down the spine—and already the word is "let's do it next year."—Mrs. Norma Jane Wall, Glenboro, Man.

... I guess you didn't know it would be used away down here in Arizona! I felt it was a little bit of my beloved Canada come down here. Many thanks for publishing the pageant.—Dorothy M. Blackwell, Douglas, Ariz.

... We do wish you could see our version.—Mrs. Arnold Mathews, Peterborough.

Love Conquers Fatigue

I am a practicing physician and have been much impressed by Dr. Hilliard's article on fatigue (Woman's Greatest Enemy is Fatigue, January). Would it be possible for me to obtain a number of copies for circulation among my patients?—Dr. A. J. Elliott, Oak River, Man.

... Dr. Hilliard's report on fatigue leaves out love. Have the people turned into guinea pigs with the human element left out? Fatigue drops out of family life when Pa and Ma are up-to-date enough to discuss everything as adult friends not forgetting the small fry as individuals too.—Dorothy Fuller, Kentville.

The Magazine That Gets Around

I certainly think Chatelaine is one of the best buys for women today. Mine is not only read by me, it's passed on to my mother and sister and eventually comes back home to be sent off to school with my eldest daughter because her teacher uses it. As for the recipes, I type them out in bunches and pass them around for each one's cookbook.—Ruth White, Owen Sound.

Kate—a Literary Treat

I have read and re-read Kate Aitken's articles. I am looking forward to the next installment of what I am sure will be a most enjoyable, witty and entertaining series. You are to be congratulated for bringing this literary treat to your many readers.—Mrs. E. E. Follisell, Belleville.

... How vividly you described the Saturday nights! We lived in a little Saskatchewan town that fits right in with your home town. Thank you for putting into words what we have thought for so long.—Mrs. G. A. Gant, Seattle.

Have you considered a movie?—Mrs. J. Leslie, Montreal.

... They are so natural and true to the experiences in my own life. They sure bring back many happy memories. I hope you keep them coming.—Mrs. L. Burton, Renfrew, Ont.

... Kate Aitken is hard enough to take on the radio but at least I can turn her off, but your December number had far too much of her drivel.—M. Gregory, Toronto.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE BY — Panda (page 1, 74, 75, 88), Jack Long (4, 5), Arnott and Rogers (6), Paul Rockett (11, 13, 18, 22, 23, 31, 81), Lockwood Haight—Panda (22), Ballard and Jarrett (24), Peter Croydon (26, 27, 28).



Your HEART never takes a "holiday"

Think for a moment of the work of your heart. In one hour it beats well over 4,000 times and pumps over 200 gallons of blood throughout the body. On and on it works for you ... with only a fraction of a second's rest between beats. In fact, the heart is one of the hardest-working organs in the body.

Since the heart can never take a "holiday," it is wise for everyone ... especially those who have reached middle age ... to observe certain rules of living that may help the heart by lightening its load.

1. Keep your weight down. As we grow older, the heart finds it harder to do the extra work which excess weight places on it. While a normal heart is handicapped by obesity, the burden of excess pounds may be a particularly serious hazard for the heart that is impaired.

2. Make moderation the keynote of your daily living. When you rest, so does your heart. This is why sufficient sleep every night and plenty of relaxation are so important. You may help spare your heart possible strain if you avoid all excesses such as too much work under tension or

strenuous exercise taken in "spurts."

3. Have all heart symptoms promptly investigated. Such symptoms as pain or a feeling of oppression in the chest, shortness of breath, rapid or irregular heart-beat cause untold worry and anxiety. While these symptoms may indicate heart trouble, they frequently are due to other causes and may be of little importance. Under any circumstances it is wise to have such symptoms promptly checked by your doctor.

4. Do not neglect periodic medical examinations. Regular check-ups often reveal heart disorders in their earliest stages when the chances for control ... and perhaps cure ... are best. It is wise to have complete examinations yearly ... or as often as the doctor recommends.

Although heart disease is a major health problem, important gains are being made against it. Methods of diagnosis have become more exact and means of controlling many heart conditions increasingly effective. As a result, more and more heart patients today can lead happy, useful lives ... and frequently enjoy their full span of years.

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Please send me the free booklet, 34-L, "Your Heart."

Name

Street

City Prov.

New ways to easy-living

by Nancy Nylon



Sequins on your dress, your hat, your veil—everywhere—but what else do you know about them? Never gave it a thought, myself, until I happened to see them being made. And it's quite a thing! Long plastic sheets about three inches in width are punched by a machine that has thousands of tiny circular cutters. Suddenly myriads of shimmering little sequins are all over the place! Makes the most colorful working room imaginable.

In the loveliest red you ever saw, a classic shirtwaist of the new crispy nylon tricot. It's "stabilized" 40 denier tricot that's fresh, fresh, fresh looking for keeps. Smart French cuffs with pearl-button cuff links complete the tailored effect. Comes in short sleeves too—both styles in white and almost every color of the rainbow.



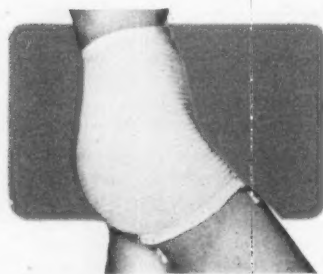
The white touch is the pretty touch. Look in the shops for darling Peter Pan collars and frosty little dickies of nylon—matching cuffs too. So easy to keep morning-fresh, they'll brighten your winter wardrobe with the good taste of simplicity.



Kiddies going through mittens like mad this winter? Knit them cosy, cuddly mitts from nylon yarn and there'll be no more thumbs popping into view! Nylon mittens and socks wear and wear and don't wear out. No shrinkage, no darning. By the way, if you'd like a copy of my booklet, "How to Knit with Nylon Yarn," write to me; Nancy Nylon, Dept. 77, C-I-L House, Montreal, and I'll send one.



He's just a honey (I know him), and so's his little blue and white bathrobe. It's sculptured nylon taffeta—so . . . no matter if he does spill his supper here and there. Suds the dressing gown at bedtime, and it's ready again for action by breakfast. Comes in pink with white for girls. A toddler speciality—only Size 1 in this tailored bit of cuteness. The perfect gift for a first birthday.



Are you the girl with the nice lithe figure? Then this puckered panty girdle is your dish. A sheer, peek-a-hoo panel in front gives gentle control, all that a good figure needs. It's just the thing for beneath a sheath—what I'd call a light and dainty "streamliner for spring". Remember whatever your type—you'll find a nylon foundation garment that's personally perfect.

Recently I dropped in on a couple of Canada's leading furniture makers and discovered they're using nylon friezes and matelasses on their very smartest pieces. Don't miss this new nylon upholstered furniture. Look at it in the stores. I know you'll admire the handsome patterns and colors. And if you buy it—you'll get years of happy service from long-wearing nylon upholstery.



CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED MONTREAL



"I was ready to weep when I saw my new 'sensible' shoes," says author Naomi Lang (above), "but they really help those creaking arches of mine."

ARE YOU KILLING YOUR FEET?

Give more time to your feet, says this expert, and you'll spend less time fixing your face — or nagging at your husband

By NAOMI LANG

IF YOU SPENT more time caring for your feet you wouldn't have to spend so much time creaming your face.

If you visited a foot specialist as faithfully as your hairdresser your husband would be more likely to stay home nights.

If you're a woman and over eighteen the odds are six to one your feet suffer some defect, minor or major. If you're more than thirty and have one or more children, you won't get any odds.

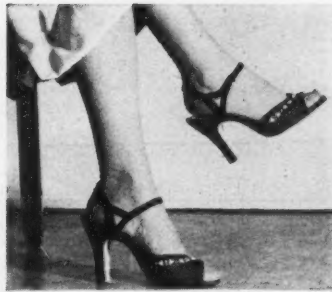
At least not from Dr. J. I. Gorosh, Vancouver chiropodist and one of Canada's foremost authorities on feet. While a chiropodist may not legally call himself "doctor" in British Columbia (as he may in the prairie provinces and in all parts of the United States) everyone else—his patients, the newspapers and doctors themselves—certainly extend the courtesy title to kindly and balding Jack Gorosh, who was hailed by prominent Vancouver medical men

as "an outstanding servant of his profession" when he was made a life member of the Canadian Association of Chiropodists.

Jack Gorosh, a dynamic little man of fifty-nine who came from Latvia many years ago, is full of such surprising revelations as that beauty-marring wrinkles often start with tortured toes, and sagging arches make nagging wives. He'll tell you that a woman over thirty will find her feet one or two sizes longer after childbirth. He bristles with the handy advice that it's better to buy shoes between two and four p.m. to get a good fit and that stenographers should never hook their heels on the chair under them as they type for fear of shortening calf muscles and causing hip pains. He has acquired these facts and many others in twenty-five years of working with corns, calluses, bunions, hammer toes and falling arches and of muttering under his



Pretty but treacherous for any kind of distance walking, these dainty slippers are for sitting around at home or an occasional gala night out. All-day wear means the open-strap sandal (above) will cut circulation and rub your toes and heels, while spike heels throw far too much weight on the forefoot. Walking in mules (right) will get you thick, heavy ankles.



breath, "Oh Vanity—thy name is woman."

The man whose patients arrive wailing, "My feet are killing me," says it's really the other way around. "Most people are doing their best to kill their feet and women are the worst offenders."

"A woman will only wear sensible shoes if there's no way of getting out of it," he shrugs. "I can't remember one woman patient who hasn't looked at the shoes I've prescribed and moaned, 'Oh, Doctor, do I have to wear those boots?'"

I can sympathize. I first encountered the little chiropodist at the end of a long road tramped on painful, creaking arches, the result of newspaper days spent rushing off to cover fires in shoes designed for attending fashion showings. Now the numbers he makes me wear to try to eliminate a bunion are enough to frighten anyone.

My "sensible" shoes have sensible military heels and sensible closed toes and heels and they lace—all the way up. I swear I aged fifteen years just trying them on.

"You may feel older, but believe me you'll look younger," Gorosh told me consolingly. "Why sore feet can bring on headaches, backaches and leg pains. They etch lines in the face, they..."

But all I could see were those (ugh) shoes. I needed only a snap-brimmed hat to be taken for the president of the League for the Suppression of Beauty.

For all that, my friend (the bunion is improving, thanks) Gorosh is no sadist. He is well aware that a woman wants to look attractive. He only wishes more women would come to him early enough so he can help them keep their looks.

He's in favor of pretty shoes as long as they fit properly and give the foot adequate support. "Wear your Cinderella slippers at night—if you must," he says, struggling to be tolerant against his better judgment. But for your working day, in home or office, he

dictates these three stern don'ts:

Don't do your housework in your mules.

Don't wear pumps.

Don't wear high heels.

Women have every reason to treat their feet right because they demand so much of them. "The average housewife walks about eight miles a day; nurses walk ten to twelve miles, waitresses fourteen..." And he cites a U. S. Army finding that only about fifteen percent of adult women have healthy feet. That means feet free from even the slightest disabilities, and Gorosh asks any woman who thinks she qualifies to answer three questions: Have you ever had a burning sensation in the soles of your feet? Have your feet ever felt a little tired after two or three dances? Are you only really comfortable when you're wearing slippers?

If you mutter even one grudging "yes" you probably have foot trouble or you may suffer other complaints and not realize your feet are to blame.

Gorosh feels that the shoes women wear on their feet are most often to blame—when shoes that are designed for style but not for proper support are worn day in and day out, and that includes almost any handsome or pretty shoe.

Slippers, to start with, shouldn't be worn for anything except padding from bedroom to bathroom. "They permit the foot to elongate and spread, provide absolutely no support, with the result that the arches finally crack under the strain."

As for pumps: "To keep them on her feet at all a woman has to wear pumps that are too short and too tight. That little roll of flesh that puffs out over the instep after a day's shopping means that the circulation has been cut off, the nerve impulses affected."

Spike heels throw two thirds of the body weight on the forefoot and the forefoot just can't take it.

Heel-less shoes, on the other hand, are

Continued on page 87

Anyone can own



ROYAL CROWN DERBY

Buy a Place Setting

and Build Your Set Now!

Every Canadian homemaker, young and old alike, would like to own the world's finest china—Royal Crown Derby.

And this can easily be done without overstraining your budget by buying your favourite pattern a place setting at a time.

Choose your decoration from a wide selection of beautifully

designed Crown Derby patterns—then add a setting every few months. Recommend it to your friends as your

special gift for a special occasion.

Start building your Crown Derby set now... and you'll cherish it always!

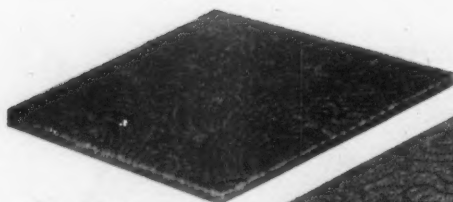


* Ask to see the many beautifully boxed gift items. There's a complete line of fancies and knives, forks and carving sets with bone china handles. Many of these match your pattern and you'll want them as those extra pieces which mean so much.

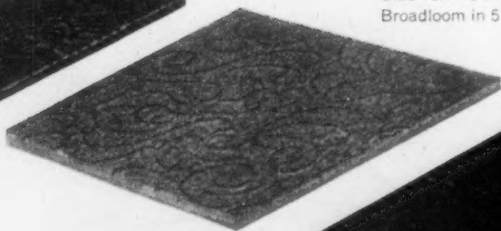


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DERBY, ENGLAND

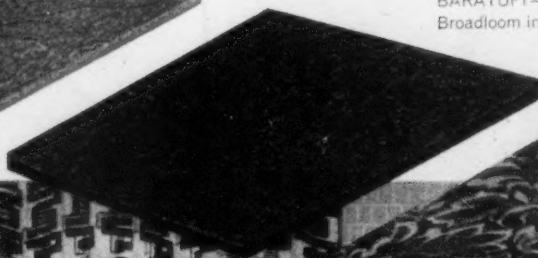
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Embossed Tone-on-Tone
Broadloom in 5 colors



SILUTEX—Carved Frieze
Broadloom in 5 colors



BARATUFT—Frieze Twist
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TWISTEX
—Carved Broadloom
in 5 Tone-on-Tone colors and
2 contrasting tones



Furniture by Barrymore—

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Here's carved Brocada . . . deep, durable wool in six delightful shades, tone-on-tone; Antique Gold, Parchment Beige, Willow Green, Roseglow, Platinum Grey and Dahlia Red. Its price is moderate, its quality high. The graceful design and soft, carved texture will give new life to modern or traditional decoration schemes — for years and years!

Barrymore Carpets are offered in many patterns, weaves and colors . . . in both wool and cotton. They're livable, long-wearing, easy-to-care-for. Clip this page now . . . take it with you when you go carpet shopping!



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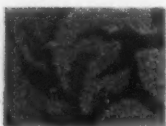
Roseglow



Platinum Grey



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Willow Green

Ready to bring your room to life....

these rich,

and lovely

Barrymore
CARPETS

TORONTO CARPET MANUFACTURING CO. LIMITED
TORONTO 1, CANADA

FASHION

Memo from Rosemary



SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS HAVE A SODA-FOUNTAIN FLAVOR

NEW YORK: It's Spring Fashion Week again . . . and time to choose the Look of Looks for spring and summer '54. As usual, all designers are seemingly banded together in their semiannual plot to confuse the issue—each one with a different edition of the '54 Look and revised editions of the '53 Look. It's a mystery how the problem is resolved but there's always one predominating shape that appears to influence every collection. And that's always it . . . the new silhouette.

It's a cone . . . a slender, uncluttered shape that blooms from a tapered hemline upward to the bust where it froths with feminine detail for all the world like a mound of rich ice cream topping a crisp cone.

The ice cream sheath . . . cornered top honors as the most exciting dress of the new season. A faithful reproduction of an ice cream cone, it melts down from a high bodice garnished with crisp white organdie, chiffon, lace or starched linen, into a molded, bound or bandaged torso and slender tapering skirt.

Creamy confectionery colors . . . dominated every collection to strengthen the ice cream parlor theme. Colors and fabrics have an iced, candy-coated consistency. Shiny cottons front the fabric field for importance and pinks lead the color parade.

One surprise color duo seen in many salons was a real strawberry sundae combination—red with pink. The soda fountain theme was easy to recognize once the haze of impressions began to clear. Often it was only in the unexpected appearance of a red hat teamed with a dress suit in another shade—like a beacon red cherry topping a skyscraper sundae. You'll be able to match your favorite ice cream confection this spring whether it's a raspberry soda, an orange sherbet or a lemon lime.

Accessories in bonbon colors . . . from belts to the new tapered-heel, pointed-toe shoes and big muzzle and feed bags. Seen just as often was the dramatic emphasis of black patent with even the frothiest white and creamy pastel dresses.

Continued on the next page



NEW!

a creamy
liquid foundation

Basic Sheen

for the look of youth



BASIC SHEEN—

Elizabeth Arden's new liquid cream make-up foundation . . . imparts to your skin a pearly translucent beauty. Just a few precious drops—and immediately your skin takes on a moist, fresh, youthful appeal! And even though BASIC SHEEN feels light as a hummingbird's wings, its fluent creaminess conceals every tiny line and imperfection. Use it under your powder to give your face a luminous, velvety-smooth quality!



IN 8 RADIANT SHADES TO COMPLEMENT
EVERY COMPLEXION

BASIC SHEEN
\$6.00

BASIC SHEEN
fortified with
estrogenic hormones,
(for the maturing
thirties)
\$7.75

- Rachel
- Natural
- Rose Rachel
- Light Rosetta
- Medium Rosetta
- Dark Rose Rachel
- Rosetta Bronze
- Shade-In-Between

Elizabeth Arden

LONDON • NEW YORK • PARIS • TORONTO

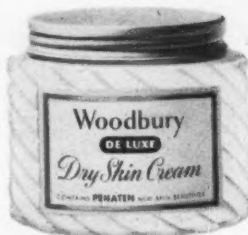


Is your beauty withering on the vine?

A grape was once the most luscious fruit in Nature's vineyard . . . Until it became withered and dry!

When your skin becomes dry, Nature writes her warning in tiny lines on your face. Yet ten minutes a day *with one cream* can bring velvety softness to dry skin! Woodbury Dry Skin Cream, with new penetrating Penaten, goes deeper into pore openings . . . treats your skin to lanolin's richness as it's never been treated before. Soon you'll see that dried-out look fade away!

Each day, let Woodbury Dry Skin Cream *deep-smooth* your skin. Watch it begin to look *alive and fresh* again. You can lengthen the bloom of your beauty! 25¢, 45¢, 78¢, \$1.15.



(MADE IN CANADA)

Woodbury Dry Skin Cream
penetrates deeper because it contains **PENATEN**

Memo from Rosemary



Continued from page 7

A call on Mr. John . . . is a must for every fashion editor during Fashion Week. At the door of his fabulous gold-and-white salon on East 57th Street I was greeted by Mr. John and his pet macaw, Zipper, who spends most of his time perched on his master's shoulder. Said expansive Mr. John (indicating the bird): "This is my newest spring hat." Fortunately, at that moment, Carmen appeared modeling "Birds of a Feather"—a fabric-and-feathers version of Zipper. Society couturier-milliner John John explained that although his pet doesn't mind being the source of inspiration, he does object to being mistaken for a hat, which (according to Mr. John at least) has happened several times since "Birds of a Feather" was born.



Bare-arm suits and coats . . . top bulk and tapering hemlines lead in this field. Most revolutionary change seen in the short, briefly cuffed or plain sleeves that have taken the place of conventional long loose or fitted sleeves. Some designers like these bare-arm suits and coats with brief little gloves—others with long snug gloves extending past the elbow (there are no in-between glove lengths this year).

Full skirts look new . . . even though designers prefer the slim skirt this year, they can't ignore the people's choice. So they gave it a new shape . . . a smooth torso with fullness flaring from mid-hip.



Prints still holding their own . . . in the fashion spotlight. Fruit salad and flower motifs are biggest and best.

Flowers everywhere . . . candy confections vied with horticulture this year for first place in exterior decorating, with roses the big favorite—even black ones and even on shoes. Newest spot for a posy . . . the cuff.

Coolie shapes . . . in hats were seen in most collections tracing the cone influence even higher. Others were flat, some shaped, some squarish, but all small and worn down over the forehead and tilted up from the back. Well garnished with flowers or fruit.



Dior's new hemlines . . . indicate he's at last given ground on the hemline dispute . . . every one of his daytime costumes measured a sensible fourteen inches from the floor.

Jane Derby knits a dress . . . Remember the sweaters we used to knit with thick wool on big needles? Designer Derby used the idea in a candle-slim wool sheath for anytime. A dress like this would be easy to make!

New man-made fabric . . . made fashion headlines this week . . . looks and feels exactly like the pure silk made by the worms . . . called fioco. +

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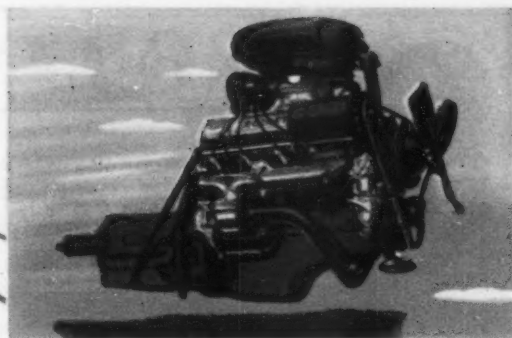
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Illustrated—Super "88" Holiday Coupe



The "Rocket" engine is the greatest in "Rocket" illustrious history — a worthy successor to the engines that pioneered the high-compression automotive field.

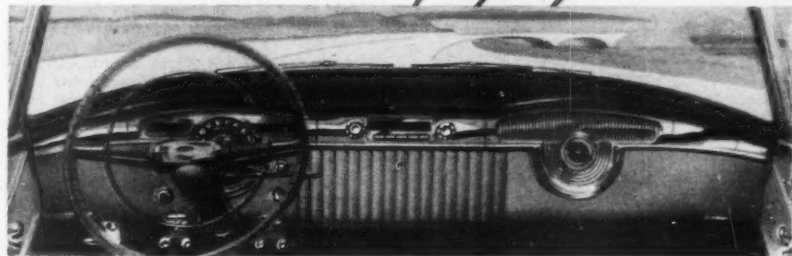
"The Car of Tomorrow"

We call them the *newest* new Oldsmobiles in fifty-seven years! Each one bears the unmistakable mark of Tomorrow in the breathtaking sweep of longer, lower lines:

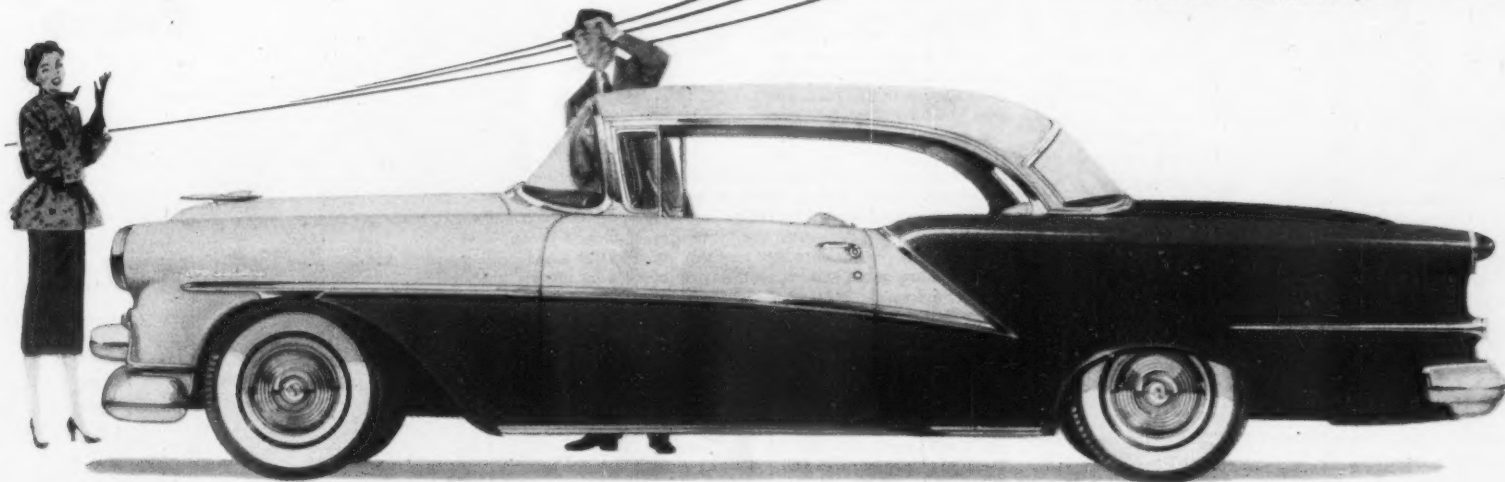
Each one offers you a veritable rainbow of color harmony.

Each one has the flashing power of a new, livelier edition of the famous "Rocket" engine!

In every way they're cars of tomorrow, as you'll see the first time you drive one.



Tomorrow's thinking is exemplified by the graceful symmetry of the 1954 Oldsmobile dash panel!



Illustrated—Ninety-Eight De Luxe Holiday Coupe

The **NEWEST** new
OLDSMOBILE
in fifty-seven years



BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING COLUMN FOR CANADIAN WOMEN

MOTHERS, DID YOU KNOW that there's a special children's cough syrup, expressly made to bring fast, safe relief to tender childish throats? Most of you do, I'm sure, because this special cough remedy—JACK and JILL Cough Syrup—is by far Canada's fastest selling children's cough and cold medicine. There are two very good reasons why so many mothers depend on JACK and JILL. The first is the quick, sure, safe way JACK and JILL soothes cold-irritated tissues in tender little throats, eases congestion, checks their coughing and helps them rest properly at night. And the second is equally important. Kiddies just love JACK and JILL. So keep JACK and JILL on hand ready for the very first sneeze, snuffle or cough. It costs only 50c. By the way, JACK and JILL was developed by the creators of Buckley's Mixture, Canada's largest selling cough and cold remedy for grown-ups.



SPECIAL GIFT JAR of Buckley's Stainless White Rub FREE. Discover how quickly it relieves cold-lightened chests and stuffed noses. Just write Nancy Sasser, 50 King St., W., Toronto.

SPRING IS ALMOST HERE . . . and I know you'll want to feel like a "million" every moment since it's the most glorious season of the year. So don't let a headache, upset stomach or dull, sluggish feeling due to constipation spoil your pleasure . . . instead take NUJOL and you'll feel fine in "no" time! You really will . . . for NUJOL keeps you regular . . . the nicest way you ever tried! That's because NUJOL works gently, but thoroughly, and is very pleasant to take . . . thanks to the fact that it's absolutely pure mineral oil of the highest quality and is crystal clear, tasteless and odorless! A little NUJOL is all you need, too, to keep regular as clockwork . . . just follow directions on the bottle and you'll soon enjoy that marvelous feeling of well-being! And to prove to you how wonderful it is, I've persuaded the makers to send you an 8-oz. bottle of NUJOL absolutely free . . . so write to John Stuart Sales, Ltd., 9 Duke St., Toronto, today for your sample!



MARCH WINDS BLOW a threat to your baby's tender skin . . . for it's much thinner than a grown-up's . . . it chafes more easily and can be injured sooner! That's why I urge you once again to bathe your precious baby with BABY'S OWN SOAP . . . because it's now enriched with Lanolate²⁵! This is a marvelous new discovery made from pure lanolin . . . concentrated 25 times! And what wonders it works . . . actually gives baby's thinner skin the greatest possible protection from harm! But to keep baby completely soothed, sweet and comfy, I recommend BABY'S OWN 3-Step protection . . . which means you should follow baby's bath with a soothing application of BABY'S OWN OIL and BABY'S OWN POWDER. They're also made by specialists especially for babies . . . contain all the right ingredients to give baby's sensitive skin even greater protection from chapping and irritation. You see, the pure antiseptic OIL contains lanolin, too . . . and the POWDER is made from the finest imported Italian talc!



BYE BABY BUNTING, Mother's gone "a-hunting" . . . for the diaper that's best for you and can save her money, too! And you don't have to guess which brand I mean . . . it could be none other than CURITY Diapers! You see, they're down to a new low price of \$4.75 a dozen . . . and just 2 dozen CURITY Diapers do the work of 3 dozen of other brands since they're

extra-thirsty and super-absorbent! And as for being best for babies, CURITY Diapers are made of a special soft Layettecloth with a surgical weave . . . with no hems to harm or irritate a tiny tot's tender skin. Furthermore, they're ABC-easy to wash and dry in a "wink". CURITY Diapers are also endorsed by mothers, medical authorities and hospitals everywhere . . . so send for this:

GENUINE SAMPLE . . . to see for yourself why I say that CURITY Diapers are better in every way for your baby and you! I've made special arrangements to send it to you almost as a GIFT . . . just mail 25c to Nancy Sasser, 801 Bank of Montreal Building, Toronto. Sorry . . . only one to a family.

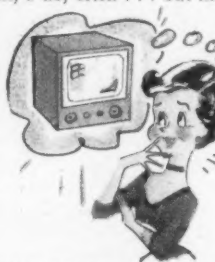


A BEAUTY OPPORTUNITY . . . your chance to try Pond's wondrous new ANGEL SKIN! It's scientifically years ahead . . . for this revolutionary lotion actually protects your hands from dryness and irritation caused by soaps and detergent alkalies. That's because ANGEL SKIN doesn't stop on the rough outer surface of your skin the way other lotions do . . . instead it penetrates and gives immediate deep softening! I'm not exaggerating . . . right away you'll see flushed "angry" redness fade out, tiny dry-skin lines smooth away and your hands lose that dry, scratchy feeling . . . look smoother, whiter and younger! But I don't want you to take my word for it . . . I want to send you this:



"PROVE-IT" SAMPLE of ANGEL SKIN by Pond's . . . so you can see for yourself what skin-beauty magic it works. To get yours, just print your name, address and mail with 10c, to cover handling, to Nancy Sasser, Dept. CS-2, 50 King St., W., Toronto. And use it to keep all of you smooth . . . your hands, arms, face, legs and elbows. P. S. It's a delicious powder base, too.

EVER WISH ON A STAR for something you'd like to have . . . such as a new car, refrigerator, washing machine or television set? Well, I do, often . . . but my experience has proved that the only sure way to get things you want is to save for them! And the best way to save, I think, is to open a Savings Account at the BANK OF MONTREAL . . . then make regular deposits. You'll be surprised how easy it is to save when you have a worthwhile goal . . . why, after the first few deposits you'll find that you've acquired the most wonderful habit . . . the habit of saving! What's more, you'll enjoy it . . . find real delight in watching your Savings Account at the B of M grow from a few dollars to the "just-right" amount you need to turn your wishes into realities. So why not make your dreams come true as soon as possible . . . by opening a Savings Account at your neighborhood branch of "My Bank" this very day!



ALL GOOD COOKS AGREE on one thing . . . it's a flavour that makes the difference between dishes that are so-so and those that are so-o-o delicious! That's why most of them use AC'CENT . . . for this "magic" ingredient (sometimes known as pure monosodium glutamate in recipes these days) makes all kinds of foods taste naturally better! I wouldn't dream of cooking without it myself . . . because AC'CENT brings out and "sparks" the true natural flavours already in meats, vegetables, soups, sauces, fish and countless other foods . . . but doesn't add any flavour or



aroma of its own. Best of all, you don't need any special recipes when you use AC'CENT . . . just cook as you usually do. But only tasting is believing . . . so try this tonight:

Make your favourite soup and taste . . . then add 1/2 to 1 tsp. AC'CENT per 4 servings and taste the tantalizing difference.

Do that and I wager you this . . . you'll use AC'CENT as a third shaker . . . as regularly as salt and pepper!

LITTLE ACCIDENTS ARE BOUND TO HAPPEN . . . as every mother knows. That's why I'm reminding you again . . . it's wise to keep CURAD Plastic Bandages handy to answer these first aid "calls". They're really perfection itself . . . for first of all, they contain an exclusive medication called Furacin-Tyrosin which killed or inhibited 28 common wound germs in actual test. All of which means that CURADS fight germs . . . don't just cover them! And they're so neat and nice to use . . . because they leave no ugly, sticky mess on your skin. They're also skin-thin and fit like your skin . . . are even waterproof, too. Just think of it . . . you can go right on with your sudsy chores knowing full well that CURADS will never become loose, never curl and never fray. So why not try my system . . . I keep waterproof CURAD Plastic Bandages in my medicine chest, on the kitchen shelf and beside my "home carpenter's" workbench. Remember . . . CURADS are a product of dependable Bauer & Black.



TAKE A LOOK AROUND YOU . . . you'll find that denim is the darling of all the best-dressed families this year. And it's denim with a dashing difference . . . for KINGCOT coordinates are back in the most stunning new stripes, plains and plaids I've ever seen! What striking colour combinations there are, too . . . 18 solid shades including dense black and all white plus a provocative new moss green. KINGCOT Denim is really the fashion fabric of the season . . . "boasting" the last-word in beauty and a soft drape that makes it "receptive" to almost any suggestion. And, of course, it's Sanforized to keep its good looks . . . through endless washings and wearings! But why say more . . . it's easy to see why I've chosen KINGCOT Denim for my own sports wear as well as cocktail frocks, for the youngsters' playclothes and the "Master's" fatigues . . . not to mention bedspreads and drapes for the house . . . and why I recommend it to you. At all Leading Stores . . . labelled with the famous KINGCOT name.



I'M A COLLECTOR in a way . . . just can't resist buying everything I see that's made of POLYTHENE! It's really the most practical of all plastics for household use . . . because it's both tough and flexible! That's right . . . polythene won't chip, crack or shatter even when dropped . . . which makes it wonderfully safe for infants' tumblers and dishes to mention just one example! And C-I-L polythene "serves" you as perfectly in other ways, too . . . makes such useful items as refrigerator bowls, vegetable crispers, canisters, pretty "squeeze" bottles and ice cube trays. Have you realized how safe polythene toys are . . . flexible and tough, with no sharp edges to hurt the tots and practically unbreakable? They're so realistic and colourful . . . and besides they float in the bath. You'll find many other articles made of polythene . . . so look for them next time you shop. You'll recognize them easily . . . for polythene is the lightest of all plastics, is flexible and has a pleasant, warm feel and soft, smooth finish!



OLD FOLKS

EVERY YOUNG FAMILY'S TOUCHIEST PROBLEM

When the parents you love grow old and need your help how do you avoid the tensions that can twist hearts, break bank balances, even crack a marriage and make you grow old before your time? Read this frank and sympathetic report on a disturbing modern problem

By DOROTHY SANGSTER

RECENTLY MY MOTHER, who is in her sixties, married for the second time. She had held a government position in Ottawa for almost thirty years, brought up four children and seen them marry and move away, and when her retirement papers came through she had gone to live in Florida, where she found warm weather, congenial friends, and an environment particularly suited to older people. Now, out of a clear blue sky, she wrote us that she had married a very fine

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elderly widower and was happily installed in her new home.

The news of this *fait accompli* was so startling that we couldn't keep it to ourselves. We could hardly wait for our friends to enquire after Mother's health so that we could announce the news of her remarriage.

The significant thing, so far as this article is concerned, was the frequency with which our news was met with, "Gosh! Wish something like that would happen to *our* in-laws!"

Now, heartless as their outspoken words may appear, our friends are not heartless. We know them to be good people with very real affection for their parents. Their love is heightened by their sense of duty; they realize that, as children, they owe their parents something. And they are profoundly disturbed because, in spite of their feelings of duty and devotion, many of them see their relationship with their older folks deteriorating into an ugly and distorted situation, full of unforgivable words, mistaken actions, tension and hurt feelings.

Like thousands of other couples in their circumstances they wonder, What's wrong? Who's to blame? What should we do?

The villain is a 1954 spectre, part psychological, part economic. It's true that there has always been an unbridgeable gap between youth and age, but today that gap is wider than ever. Our moral standards are not those our parents held. Our attitudes and ideas are different. Our living tempo is accelerated; our cities are crowded,

noisy and impersonal; and we ourselves are nervous and insecure, plagued by wars and the threat of wars. Unlike our ancestors, we are more or less rootless—in fact it has been estimated that the average Canadian family changes its abode every five years. The old homestead where yesterday's grandmas and grandpas lived until they died is a thing of the past. Today's young urban couple lives with two children in a heavily mortgaged five-room bungalow on the edge of town, eats in a dining nook the size of a clothes closet, entertains in a living room twelve feet by nine, and squeezes into two tiny bedrooms to sleep. A third child, or even two of opposite sex, throws their living arrangement entirely out of kilter.

In such a setup, what have they got to offer Grandma? (And it's usually Grandma, not Grandpa, who poses the problem, because women generally outlive their menfolk.)

Grandma, insolvent and alone, is in an even worse situation. Without husband or gainful employment or a home of her own, she is forced to fall back on the generosity of her children—a bitter pill for any independent woman to swallow.

Statistically, of course, she is far from alone. In 1931, one person in every eighteen of Canada's total population was over the age of sixty-five. In 1951, the figure was one in thirteen. Soon, they tell us, it will be one in ten. Fifty years ago, few of this group would have been around to be counted. An eighty-one-year-old great-

grandmother recently observed, "It used to be that your ancestors were pictures on the wall or in the family album. Now we're people who come and live with you."

One of the saddest things about today's fast living tempo, inadequate housing, and economic frustration is that we've come to think of our older folks as a liability rather than an asset. Actually, emotionally, we need our parents as much as they need us. We need their love and devotion, their lifelong interest in our welfare, their pride in what we accomplish, their sympathy in what we fail to do. Our children need loving grandparents who will listen to their troubles and play with them and tell them stories and heal their childish hurts. Older people lend stability to our society. Impetuous young people need their wise counsel. Centuries ago, Cicero said, "Intelligence and reflection and judgment reside in old people, and if there had been none of them, no state could exist at all."

In our complex society, old people have lost not only their traditional and respected role as the elders of the tribe, but also *their actual homes*.

And so the first question facing us today is: Where are our older folks going to live? Should they move in with their married children? If they do, what can be done to make the arrangement work out happily all round? If they don't, where else can they go and what contributions can we make toward their comfort and contentment?

Let's examine the alternatives. ●

WHEN YOUR PARENTS LIVE WITH YOU

Both generations can be happy — if you will try to understand what it is like to grow old, and if they will remember what it was like to be young

GEORGE PARKER was the only son of his widowed mother and her sole support. Naturally then, when he married, he took his mother along to live with him.

Mary Parker, his bride, didn't mind at first. She was a friendly, capable young woman who worked downtown in an advertising agency, she was accustomed to organizing things and seeing that they worked out, and she wasn't a child, to be jealous of her husband's little attentions to his mother. She presumed that given a bit of time and patience the situation would turn out agreeably for everyone.

Theoretically, of course, the chance of its working out successfully was about one in a hundred, and the Parkers (a fictional name for very real people) were no exception. By the end of a year there was a marked degree of tension in their relationship, and by the end of the second year all three Parkers are ready to call it quits—and fast.

Mary Parker says, "My mother-in-law's a great

one for law and order. She doesn't like my brand of casual housekeeping. Even last year, when I was putting in a nine-to-five working day at the office, she never offered to lend a hand in the house, and now that I've given up the job and have a baby she isn't any better. If she sees dust on the radio or a spot on the carpet she purses up her lips and looks the other way. She doesn't like our friends either, or our way of entertaining them at buffet suppers instead of 'nice little dinners with candles and crystal' the way she was brought up. Sometimes we're out late Saturday night at a party, and then we sleep in late and miss church. This really shocks her. You can see she thinks we're lost souls and that I'm to blame. 'George used to be so religious,' she says, and 'George never used to touch liquor,' and 'George always had such nice quiet friends, before he married.' I've got so I'm constantly on the defensive in my own home. I can see right now what she'll be like in a couple of years when the baby's old enough for her to criticize his

morals and manners! And I won't have it."

George Parker says, "All I know is that I'm constantly being called on to side with Mary or Mother on some insignificant little point that doesn't matter one way or the other. I don't know what's wrong that we can't get along together, and I don't see any solution. It's getting me down."

Old Mrs. Parker sums up her attitude in a phrase, "They don't want me here."

Who's right? What's at the root of the trouble, and can anything clear it up? Why is old Mrs. Parker so hard to live with?

A psychologist could remind the young Parkers that every human being has five basic needs: recognition, emotional security, physical health and comfort, expression of interests, and affection and love. Without satisfaction in these fields, people become insecure and unhappy.

Take the matter of recognition. It's the hardest thing in the world for a woman like the older Mrs. Parker to move in with her son and his wife. All her life she's stood on her own two feet, voiced her opinions, made decisions, consulted with her husband about family matters and their child's future; now she is expected to yield all that and become merely "George's mother, who lives with us." Furthermore, she is not sure of her new role: is she supposed to talk or be quiet? Help with the housework or mind her own business? Play with the baby or leave it alone? She

Continued on page 48



CHILDREN NEED GRANDPARENTS TO COMFORT THEM AND LOVE THEM BUT THEY CAN ALSO BE SPOILED AND CONFUSED BY GRANDPARENTS WHO INTERFERE WITH THEIR UPRISING.

WHEN YOUR PARENTS LIVE ALONE

Both generations are happier when they are independent — providing both are made to feel truly needed and truly loved by those who matter most

MOST YOUNG married couples don't mind admitting that rather than have Mother or Dad living right with them and sharing their every domestic problem, they wish the older folks would take up separate quarters. Close by, maybe, but separate.

It is not surprising to find many Grandmas and Grandpas sharing this desire for separate establishments. A few years ago, for instance, a questionnaire was addressed to elderly people in the Toronto area regarding their living arrangements. In their replies, oldsters gave their reasons for preferring to live apart from their children as:

"You can't live with a daughter-in-law. You're bound to side with your son, and that means trouble."

"Customs have changed since I was a girl. Young people's habits just irritate me."

"I'm too old to play bear with husky little boys after supper. I want to sit down and read my paper in peace."

"I used to live with my in-laws but it didn't work. Everything you do, it's the wrong thing. I'm glad I moved out."

One of the greatest advantages of living alone, according to old people who are doing it, is that "Nobody pushes you around." Older folk are independent, as a rule. They want to be masters of their fate. The advantages to young couples are equally plain: privacy in their personal affairs, a free hand at bringing up their own children, and less crowded housing. Living separately, if the facilities are right, can put everybody in a better frame of mind and usually heightens mutual respect.

Where your parents will live is, of course, your own individual problem, depending not only on their financial circumstances, but also on the state of their health, their private tastes and interests and idiosyncrasies, your own attitude to them, and the kind of separate housing facilities that your town provides. You may have a large home which can easily be converted

to provide a separate and private little apartment for them. Or they may be fortunate enough to own their own home, with the mortgage paid off and a couple of pleasant bedrooms that can be rented to congenial roomers. (What with today's high prices, renting one's unused rooms has become not only the logical, but also the fashionable thing to do.) They may want to sell the family home and buy a little bungalow near you, in which case you can offer your help in finding a suitable home, helping them move in, and arranging any details that seem to need your assistance.

It's important to keep in mind the kind of people your parents or in-laws are when you're helping them to choose (or hindering them from choosing) a separate place to live. There are parents who would die of loneliness if they were separated by more than three city blocks from their married daughters, and there are parents who are quite capable of taking care of themselves across the city, or in the next town, or half a continent away among their own friends and interests. There are older people whose hearts' desire is a little house in the suburbs, and there are other older people who wouldn't think of leaving the old downtown section where they grew up, whose streets and houses they know, and where they feel more truly at home than anywhere else in the world. There are men and women who can pick up their retirement papers and head for

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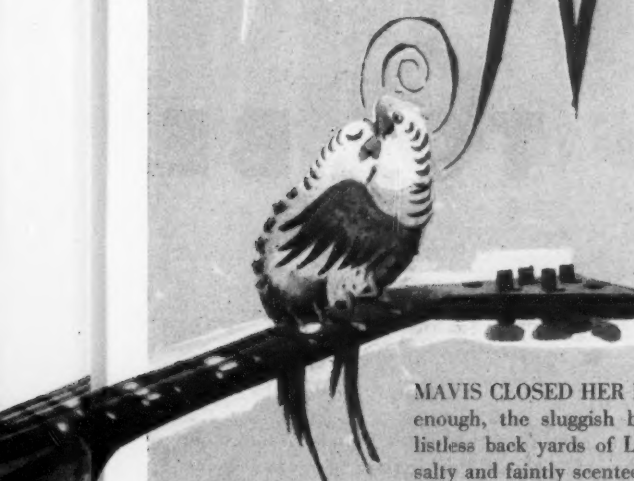


THAT SPECIAL

Magic...

By ROBERTA ENGLE PETERS

Illustrated by Ted Harris



MAVIS CLOSED HER EYES and tried it again. Sure enough, the sluggish breeze that fanned across the listless back yards of Lanson Street became soft and salty and faintly scented with all the tropic lushness of all the storied ports of the Caribbean Sea.

Mavis knew quite a bit about the Caribbean. She knew the pontoon bridge at Curaçao and the Calypso songs of Trinidad, and La Guaira where the Andes rise shimmering above the sea. The days there, she knew, are long and flower-scented, and the nights so still that the reflection in the ocean of the outsized moon is as perfect as its original in the sky.

She also knew that she could not make the cruise for less than eight hundred dollars, which allowed a bare minimum of twenty-five dollars for incidentals. In her savings account were exactly three hundred and thirteen dollars and eighty-three cents. Which left exactly four hundred and eighty-six dollars and

seventeen cents—and many months—to go.

She sighed, not with despair but with hope that is long in fulfilling. Opening her eyes, she raised her head enough to see that her stomach was becoming a rosy pink. She sat up.

An annoyed masculine voice said, "Hey, don't do that!"

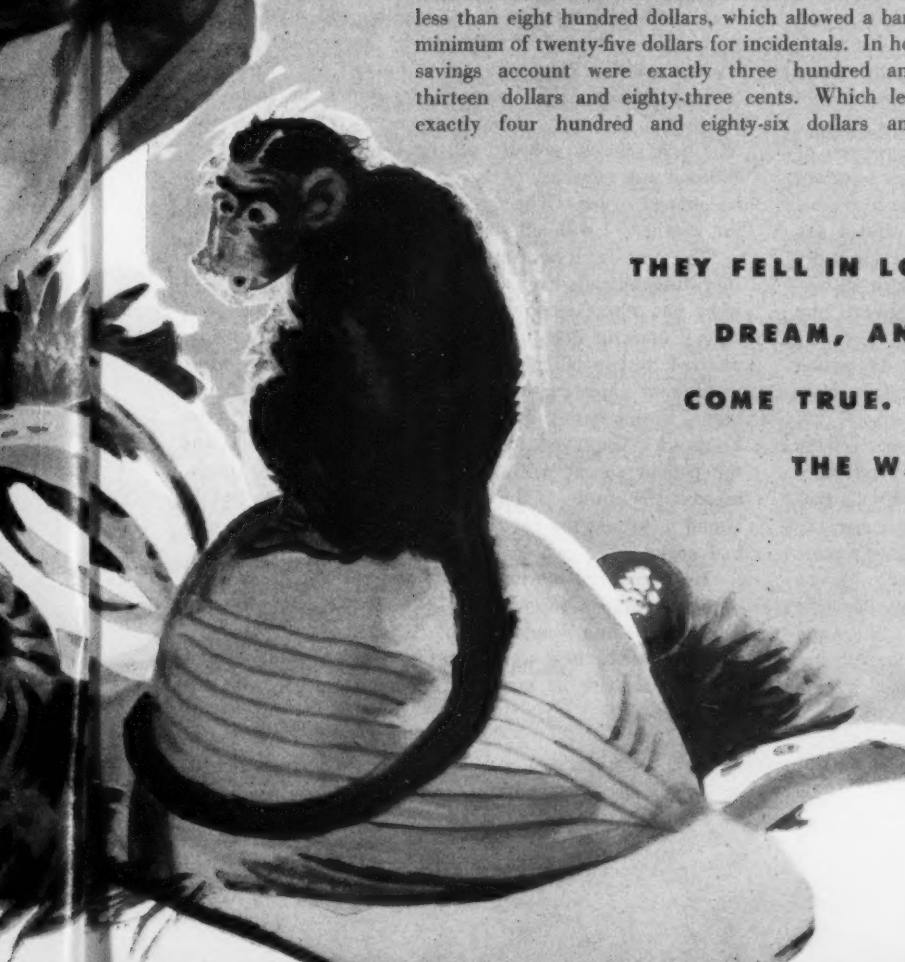
She saw a young man squatting on his heels in the half-hearted shade of the stunted maple tree, peering into a gleaming mechanism in his hand.

"I was beginning to burn," she explained amiably and then, as the live blue waters of the Windward Passage receded in favor of the parched grass of Mrs. Perry's back yard, "Why not?"

The young man abandoned whatever he was scowling at in the camera and began to scowl at her.

"I was trying to get an angle shot." He was thinner than a young man ought

Continued on page 58



THEY FELL IN LOVE BECAUSE THEY SHARED A
DREAM, AND MARRIED TO MAKE IT
COME TRUE. AND IT DID —
THE WAY THEY LEAST EXPECTED

Here for the first time the wife of the world-famous Russian exile tells the strange and sometimes fearful story of **WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE**

THE TWO WOMEN in the kitchen often had a cup of tea together in the middle of the afternoon like this. Conversation was optional, usually desultory and often clipped, in the manner of friends and neighbors who know each other well.

"See where some American senators want to talk to that fellow Gouzenko," said one of them as she watched her companion allow her gaze to glide idly over the day's newspaper on the table.

"Oh," said the woman with the paper. She continued to read a story about Princess Margaret. Only when she had finished the item did she look at the heavy headlines about Igor Gouzenko, the former Russian Embassy cipher clerk who, after turning his back on his own country to expose a network of spies, had remained in Canada with his family to become the world's most famous political exile.

She read the first few paragraphs about the request of the Washington committee to interview the man who had for the last eight years lived as a Canadian citizen in fear of deadly vengeance from the Soviet secret police. But it was not too interesting. This kind of political manoeuvring really had very little to do with a housewife sitting in a sun-splashed kitchen having a cup of tea with a neighbor. She folded the newspaper and put it to one side.

It was not until her friend had gone and she was sitting quietly and alone waiting for her husband to return from work, for the two children to come home from school, that the full significance of what she had done struck Svetlana Bousova Gousev Gouzenko, the wife of Igor Gouzenko, with the force of an unseen shock wave. Could it be that in eight years she had so completely made over her life that her real identity was now unreal and her husband's name in a newspaper headline was just another name? It was fantastic and, at the rare time like this when she thought about it, not a little frightening. Yet it was true. She, Lana Gouzenko, no longer existed although here she was with her husband, her small son and daughter, surrounded by the

affairs of their busy lives, rich with friends, comfortably supplied with worldly goods. Here in their comfortable home they were slowly becoming as much a part of Canada as the countryside in which they lived. Still, at times like this the spell under which she lived shimmered and almost shattered. But, there was supper to get for her family.

In the home of a friend Svetlana Gouzenko told me one afternoon not long ago, in the first interview she has ever given, what it was like to be the wife of a political exile. Contact was made with the Gouzenkos through the Mounted Police and the arrangements for the rendezvous were conducted with an air of caution and mystery that seemed absurdly out of place in the happy bustle of the holiday season. Gouzenko called himself Mr. Brown for obvious reasons. The name under which he lives, the location of his home, his occupation . . . all this information is as closely guarded as the Gouzenkos themselves. When it was necessary to make a change in plans Gouzenko telephoned to say "The flowers did not arrive because of the weather. I will call you tomorrow."

The next day it had stopped snowing and Mrs. Gouzenko (her husband calls her Lana) came to town, and I was told when and where I could meet her. Gouzenko I had seen several times in 1946 when he trudged in and out of court, dwarfed by two tall Mounties, to testify in the spy trials in Ottawa. Meeting him again, I noticed he had a new tailor, a new barber and he had lost some weight. His English had improved, too. One memory I had of him was the patient almost patronizing way he had, at the trials, intoned the words "Thass right" as he helped to unfold strand by strand the net that was to enmesh the spies who had woven it.

He introduced me to his wife and she and I sat down on a sofa while Gouzenko with a brief case under his arm sat facing us in a Windsor chair.

"Of course, there can be no pictures," he said. "But I wish"—and here he made an impatient gesture with his

MRS. GOUZENKO

By JOHN CLARE

hand, an expression of the frustration that must be a part of the curious lives of exiles—"so often that I could let the world know what a pretty wife I have. Will you tell your readers how pretty my wife is?"

Lana Gouzenko is indeed a pretty young woman of thirty. She makes her own stylish clothes including her hats and on her slim strong figure they look fine.

"I don't know where people get the idea that all Russian women have thick legs and bulky figures," she said later. "That is only the peasant women."

We spoke for a while about the exacting security precautions that shape every move the couple makes and which have transformed their existence into a truer-than-life mystery drama. Did Mrs. Gouzenko worry all the time her husband was away from home on business?

He spoke first. "These precautions are certainly still necessary. The Kremlin does not like to be crossed. They would like very much to get even. And how do we know who the dangerous one is? It would not be a man with a beard and a bomb; it would more likely be someone in a business suit. Spies rarely look the part."

"Yes, I worry when he is away," said Lana who speaks English rapidly and well, although with an accent. "But mostly I say, 'We have done what we have done for the right reasons. We will be all right because of that.' After what I have gone through I am not really afraid of anything."

Gouzenko was eager to talk of his first novel, *The Fall of a Titan*, which is due to be published this year, and of his plan for persuading Communist operatives in this country to do what he did. He has recently written and sold articles on the subject urging the government to set out such lures as special citizenship, material security in the form of government grants, ensured safety and help in finding work as inducements.

"You can quote me," he said digging into his brief case for more material.

At this point his wife intervened mildly.

"This is *my* interview," she said. "Why don't you find something to do and let me tell my own story?"

It seemed there was some unfinished business in connection with the book and so after making arrangements to meet his wife later Gouzenko left with the friend in whose house we were meeting. Then we settled down to retrace the whorling lines of Lana Gouzenko's life which had its beginning in the violence of the Russian Revolution and was shaped as few lives have been by the hammer blows of history itself.

Lana Gousev was born in Samarkand, Golden Samarkand of Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, and spent her early years in this romantic Asiatic atmosphere amid the snow-topped mountains that guard the city on three sides. Her father, an industrial engineer, was moved to Moscow where he worked on the subway which Muscovite propagandists like to boast about. Because he was a professional man, the Gousev family, which included another girl, a boy and, of course, her mother, had a three-room apartment in what had been one of the big houses on a suburban estate. They also had a communal maid to help with the housework and their food ration was better than that received by the workers. Gouzenko as a boy, for instance, lived with his mother and sister and four other workers in one tenement room.

"All of us, of course, belonged to the Komsomol, the Young Communists, although my parents never belonged to the Party. We rarely discussed politics at home but I had the feeling that my father supported the revolution intellectually as a protest against conditions under the Czar. In later years his children blamed him and his generation for it. Surely, we said, there must have been some other way to right the wrongs," she told me.

Lana was a happy girl, popular with her friends and better dressed than most of them.

"We had trunks of lovely dresses that had belonged to my grandmother and for years

Continued on page 67

READ THIS - AND RELAX

The tensions that make you jump when the boss buzzes, or snap at your children and want to throttle your loving husband, can lead to serious trouble. So relax with an expert whose soothing voice tells you exactly how to do it, muscle by muscle



Photo by Paul Rockett



"RELAX! Take it easy!"

This advice has become an atomic-age password. Friends use it to say, "So long." Husbands use it to chide wives, children to admonish parents. A disc jockey signs off his program, "Take it easy, my friendly . . . you'll live a whole lot longer and finish a whole lot stronger."

"Relax!" But almost nobody tells the jumpy housewife, the worried business woman or their jittery husbands and bosses just *how* to relax.

There are plenty of experts to warn them that their jumpiness and jitters are symptoms of tension, and that tension can cause or aggravate such serious complaints as headaches, ulcers, high blood pressure, asthma, chronic muscular aches and pains and some forms of heart trouble. And the experts' advice is sound—but who can teach you how *not* to be tense?

One person well qualified to do so is a tall attractive physiotherapist named Dorothy Clarke Madgett, and she has done it in less than nine hundred easy-to-follow words which appear on this page. You can learn to relax, literally muscle by muscle, if you follow carefully Dorothy Madgett's simple instructions. You will find them much more effective if (after you have read them over several times yourself) you have someone else read the instructions to you in a soothing voice as you put them into practice.

Dorothy Madgett's own voice is so relaxing just to listen to that patients

sent by doctors to attend her classes persuaded her to make a recording which they could take home with them. As explained at the bottom of this page, Chatelaine has arranged that interested readers may also order her records of "The Art of Relaxation." Some further notes on how to relax while sitting down, walking, etc. (as recorded in the same soothing tones on a long-play version of the record) appear on page 66.

Dorothy Madgett has taught the theory and practice of relaxation and muscular control to expectant mothers preparing for natural childbirth, to alcoholics trying to shed the tensions that lead them to drink, and to mentally disturbed patients in psychiatric hospitals. As a professional physiotherapist (a graduate of the University of Toronto where she now teaches anatomy) Dorothy Madgett accepts only those patients directed to her by physicians. She is quick to point out that her instructions in relaxation are no substitute for a visit to the doctor by anyone who feels ill. However, in the course of her work she has come to realize that many otherwise healthy people feel the wearing effects of tension in their everyday lives and are eager to learn how to relax in order to do their jobs better in home and office. She is shocked to discover how many persons take daytime sedatives and sleeping pills, or depend on alcohol, as artificial inducements to relaxation which she knows can be achieved naturally. It was for this reason she gave Chatelaine permission to reprint in full her instructions from the record, "The Art of Relaxation":

The Art of Relaxation

The value of learning the art of relaxation is not confined to the release of physical tensions, although it is of prime importance. By occupying the mind with the thought of relaxation and the body with its practice, many things may be accomplished.

Sleep is induced in the insomniac, a rising temper is stilled, the heavy drinker has less need of the anaesthetic properties of alcohol, or a worrisome subject is crowded out of our thoughts. Mind and body are lulled into a state of peace and tranquillity, so that we may deal with the problems of the day with a clear view, unmarred by physical tension or the turmoil of rising emotions.

The beginner is advised to use a pillow under the knees only. The arms *may* be more comfortable with the elbows bent six or eight inches from the waist, and the hands two inches from the hips, palms down. The pillow should be plumped up and the knees placed on it about six inches apart. The legs roll out slightly, so that the back and outside of the knees are supported by the pillow.

So now we are ready to begin. Until we become more skilled in relaxing, it is best to start with contrast tension, in order to learn to recognize the sensation of letting a muscle go. Now having taken the correct position, try straightening your knees, stretch your heels, tense your hips as though raising them off the bed. Pull your shoulders back, straighten your elbows, clench your fists, stretch as tall as you can—and let go.

Repeat this. Straighten your knees, stretch, tighten your hips, shoulders back, clench your fists, stretch—and let go. When you let go, your legs roll out. To feel this sensation, keeping your legs as relaxed as possible, gently roll them in so that your toes point to the ceiling, and then—let go.

To get your arms more relaxed, bend your elbows so that your forearms and fingers are

pointing upward to the ceiling at a right angle with the mattress. To the count of two let your hands droop from the wrist, and then the forearms drop to the mattress. Bend your elbows again. Let your hands droop, and then forearms drop.

To get your neck muscles more relaxed, roll your head from one side to the other, not jerking at the end of a movement, but letting it rest on the bed at all times. Keep it rolling smoothly and rhythmically, like a ship tossing on a wave. Now, just as though you have fallen sound asleep in the middle of the movement, let your head droop to whichever side on which it is most comfortable.

Now all of your tensions are over. From now on we simply concentrate on letting each part of our body relax, trying to establish mental control, so that gradually as we become more skilled at relaxation our muscles come to respond more quickly to the command—"Let Go."

Now—Muscle by Muscle . . .

Try as much as possible to keep your mind on what I am saying, but if it begins to wander, keep bringing it back.

First directing your thoughts to your feet, try to let them relax. Let the mattress support them, and let your weight rest on it. Let them go—let them go a little more . . . and a little more. Let them be heavy, and sink into the mattress.

To order "THE ART OF RELAXATION" record

Write to the Record Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. Enclose money order or cheque (no cash), print name and address clearly, and specify whether you want the:

Standard Record (78 rpm) — An exact ten-minute transcription of the above instructions on a break-resistant twelve-inch record. Sent postpaid \$3.00.

Long-play Record (33 rpm) — An expanded fifty-five-minute version covering relaxing while lying down, sitting, standing and walking, transcribed on a plastic record. Sent postpaid, \$6.00.

"The Art of Relaxation," copyright by Dorothy Clarke Madgett

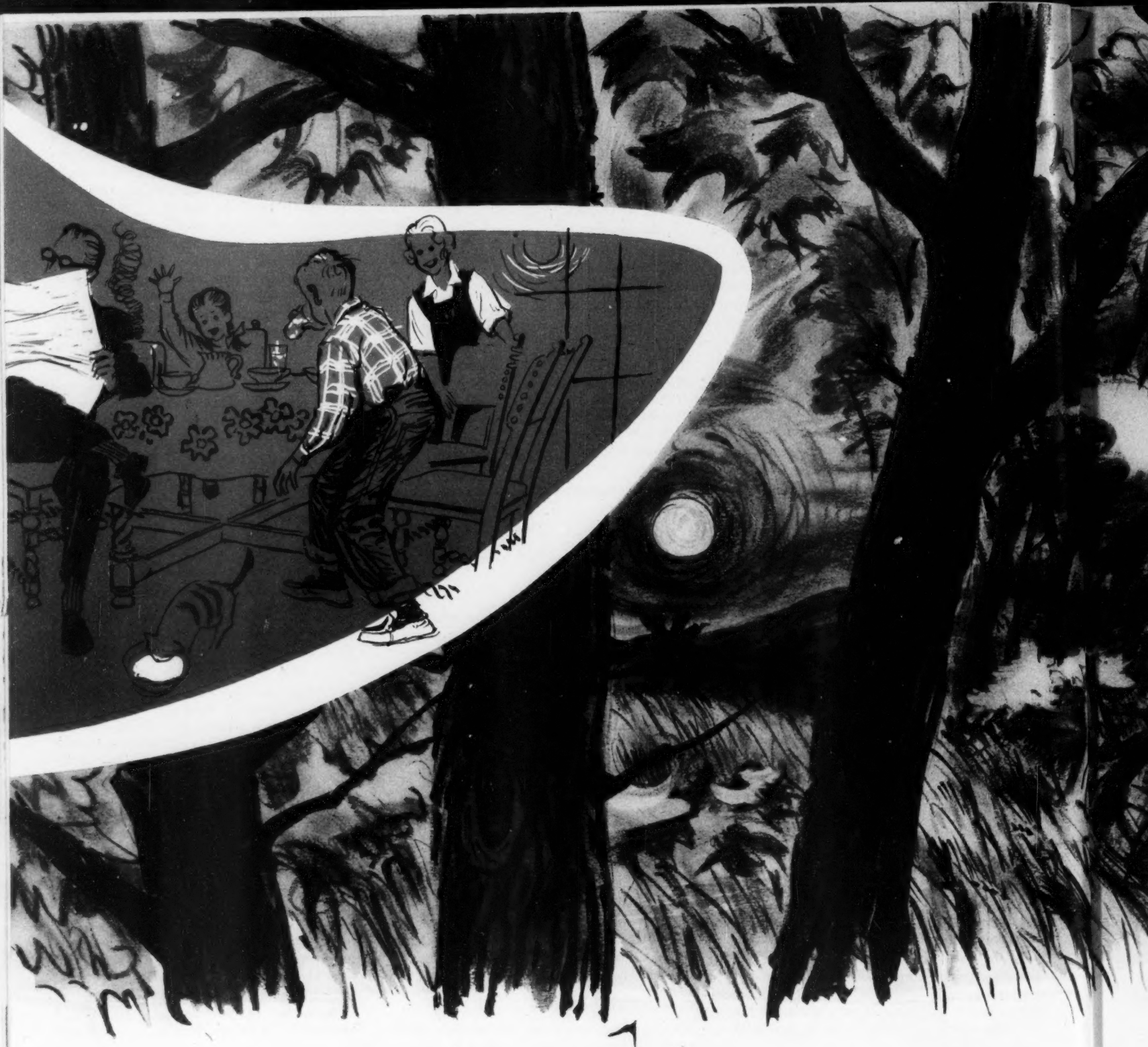
Let go . . . let go. And now your knees—let them go . . . let the pillow support them, and let them sink in. Let them go—let them relax . . . a little more, and a little more. Let your hips be heavy, let the muscles at the back of your hips relax, let them go—more . . . and more. Let the muscles at the sides of your hips relax—let them go . . . a little more and a little more. Let your whole leg be supported by the pillow and the mattress. Let them both sink in, let them go . . . and let them go.

And now directing your thoughts to your arms, let your shoulders relax and be heavy on the mattress—let them go . . . let them relax, a little more . . . and a little more. Let your elbows relax, let them sink in—let them go . . . more . . . and more. Let your hands relax, let them go . . . let them relax as though you couldn't move them if you had to. Let them go—a little more . . . and a little more. Let your whole arms be supported by the mattress, and let their weight sink in. Let them go . . . let them go. Let your neck muscles relax to let your head be heavy—let it go . . . let it sink in . . . more. And more . . .

Now pretend that someone is coming in the door, and you want them to think that you are sound asleep. Let all expression leave your face, let your forehead relax, and your cheek muscles. To relax your jaw muscles, you let your jaws separate slightly—let them go . . . let them relax. Now imitate the deep even breathing of sleep. Let your tummy muscles relax, as you breathe deeply, and rhythmically. Pretend you are asleep.

Let your whole body be evenly supported by the mattress, and let each part be heavy. Let your feet be heavy, and your knees, and your hips. Let your head sink into the mattress, and then your arms. Let your whole body go. Give its weight into the mattress—let it sink in, deeper . . . and deeper . . . more and more . . . sink in deeper . . . and deeper . . .

For more tips on relaxing turn to page 66



The family thought it would be a day just like any other

RENDEZVOUS

BY ROSEMARY HARRIS

Illustrated by Jack Bush

"WHAT'S FOR DINNER?" asked John, slicing bananas into his breakfast cereal. At twelve, his preoccupation with food was awful.

"Hamburgers," said Mrs. Hubbard, spitting at the youngest's hand. "Jenny! That's enough sugar!"

Jenny, opening her mouth to wail, was distracted by a bird on the window sill. "Momma! Look! Is it an eagle?"

"Can we eat early?" asked Betty, the Hubbard teen-ager. "I promised Mary Lou I'd be over by seven-thirty."

Mr. Hubbard burned his elbow on the corner of the toaster and swore. "Damn it, Esther!"

"With or without onion?" demanded John, suspiciously.

"Momma, look! Is it an eagle?"



but at breakfast Mrs. Hubbard announced she had to keep a

AT TWILIGHT

"Will we be through by seven. Mother, will we?"

Mrs. Hubbard nudged the toaster away from her husband's arm. "Sorry, dear. *With onion*. No, it's not an eagle. It's a large pigeon. That depends on you, Betty. I won't be here for dinner. I have a date."

They were indignant.

"At dinner time?" asked John, incredulously.

"Mo-ther!" Betty sulked. "I'll never make it."

Jenny emitted a plaintive whimper. "Who'll take care of me?"

"You're old enough to take care of yourself," said Mrs. Hubbard, firmly. "Anyhow, your father will be here."

Mr. Hubbard emerged from behind his paper. "What's this?"

"I won't be here for dinner," repeated Mrs. Hubbard. "I have an appointment. Betty will take care of things. All you have to do is hold the

Continued on page 35



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Cooking Double

a kitchenful of ideas for cooking for two, seven days a week—including minor feast days designed to enliven any double life

By M. FRANCES HUCKS, CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

MEALS FOR TWO are a seven-day-a-week project for thousands of couples. They're a pleasure to some, a problem to many. There's the bride with little or no experience, the woman who for years has been cooking family-size meals, the wife who works all day in an office, the retired couple on a small pension, business girls—or men—who share a couple of rooms.

It's so easy to sink into dull routine, so pleasant if you don't. And good eating, three times a day, is important, in fact it's vital, to good health and a sunny disposition. So it's worth a little thought. Plan a different touch at least once a day and a company meal once a week or so, just for the two of you.

Here are suggestions to help you plan your menus, your shopping and your cooking and to start your own imagination working.

WHAT TO EAT

Just because there are only two of you doesn't mean that you can never have a big roast, ham or a whole turkey. Leftover portions can be prepared and served in many tasty ways. And being two can mean that you will enjoy many of the smaller and fussier specialties that would be too much trouble to prepare for a large family. Individual **meat rolls** for example. Buy a fairly thick steak, or slice of veal or lamb, season it and roll it up with or without a dressing. Try spreading the steak with mustard or horse-radish, roll the veal around a bread dressing and spread the lamb with drained puréed peas flavored with fresh mint. Tie them up and bake them as individual rolls or do them double size and slice them at the table—just as good as any six- or eight-pound roast. And speaking of roasts, a small **pot roast** can be quite as good as a big one and pot roasts make wonderful gravy. Try a one- or two-pound piece of chuck or bottom round, use a small amount of water, cover closely and simmer about one hour per pound, adding more water if necessary during the cooking. During the last half hour or so, vegetables may be added and cooked.

If there's any left—and you can plan it so there will be—make a hot and **savory goulash**: Combine a cupful of diced meat with a couple of peeled diced potatoes (medium size), add a half cup or so of water or soup stock or canned bouillon and a cupful or more of canned tomatoes. Shake in a little monosodium glutamate, cover and cook until the potatoes are tender. Then add about half a pound of small whole boiled onions. Add more seasoning if necessary, maybe a sprinkling of thyme or celery salt or a dash of cayenne.

Dress and bake a **pork tenderloin** and plan it big enough to allow for a cold plate later. Roast and glaze a piece of **lean back bacon** and serve it the second time in sandwiches. You'll do this often if there are lunches to be packed. Many of the canned luncheon meats will do double service this way, too. They're excellent baked, sometimes spread with a little brown sugar and mustard and stuck with cloves, sometimes bathed in a barbecue sauce or slightly diluted canned soup—asparagus, mushroom, celery or any flavor you like.

In the small household leftovers must be carefully planned—if they are, the second appearance is often better than the first. Many **casserole dishes** are in this class and since their base is frequently a white sauce, make up a big jar of it and keep it ready in the refrigerator. Keep a jar of stale bread crumbs for toppings too. Or cover the mixture with a biscuit or pastry crust made in a flash with one of the prepared mixes.

You'll think of many more double-duty main courses to alternate with the more obvious steaks, chops, cut-up chicken, which can become tiresome even if the budget will stand the strain.

And then of course there are always those good **canned dinners** of such wide variety for the nights when you have forgotten to plan and prepare ahead and are too tired to cook.

Vegetables are best prepared fresh for each meal, with the exception of one or two like potatoes and beets which can appear the second time just as agreeably. **Desserts** don't pose much of a problem—many of them come in individual portions—fruits, cheese, ice-cream sundaes, cupcakes, tarts, cup

Continued on page 55



Kitchens that double for dining rooms can be as gay a setting as a boulevard café in Paris. With a splash of color in the cloth, gay dishes, amusing accessories, menus planned in advance and two who work as a team, mealtime is a highlight every day.



A blazing fireplace, a television show or just a sudden notion to dine in relaxed comfort. Reason enough for dinner on an oversize tray that holds everything, with the coffee pot near, ready to be plugged in.

A special menu for a special occasion—anniversary, holiday or just the one night a week that's set aside for dining de luxe. This platter dinner has a

setting of gleaming modern stainless-steel ware. In the upper picture our dining couple enjoys dessert by candlelight as coffee keeps hot in individual carafes.

Kate's mother gave her this bob, which looks like today's style, and made the Battenberg lace to frame the photo of Kate, left, and Jessie MacPherson who sat together at the church anniversary concert.



Y ou Never Really Leave Your Old Home Town

By
**KATE
AITKEN**



—not if you're held by the memory of a single spring in which you cried with shame before the whole village and thrilled to the great reunion week end

A FEW WEEKS AGO I drove up to Beeton, my old home town, to see the face-lifting that had been done on the Old People's Home. Over the hill we went, turned in at the big gates, drove up the gravel roadway and mounted the wide steps. There to the left of the entrance was the cornerstone laid by Colonel Richard Tyrwhitt, MP for Simcoe, in 1898. As I looked at it my thoughts went back to that gay bright twenty-fourth of May when the ceremony took place. The Old People's Home was built for the senior citizens of Simcoe County and you can imagine what a feather in Beeton's cap it was to get this important official building.

My father, Robert Scott, was reeve of our village at that time and his small gangling daughter Kate was chosen to present the armful of flowers to the colonel on this occasion.

The day was hot. My dress was new—Victoria

muslin with a little high collar as scratchy as nettles. My mother had sat up well past midnight to finish it. She had carefully shown me how to make the curtsy, how to present the flowers and then back away.

Did I cover my parents with honor? I did not. What with the excitement of the new dress and the tight patent-leather shoes I fell flat on my face—on top of the bouquet. The colonel lifted me to my feet and took the crushed flowers from my hand. Then my mother led me away weeping. That's one day I'll never forget and indeed that's one twenty-fourth of May that no one who lived in Beeton then will ever forget.

The week end closest to the twenty-fourth of May always brought a momentous event, the Presbyterian Church Anniversary. But this year the excitement began on Saturday with the first Beeton Old Boys'

Continued on page 42

Next month Kate recalls the Easter millinery opening in Father's store—"Spring Always Went to Our Heads"

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by ANNE
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Vary Your Meals with VARIOUS SOUPS



by ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company Ltd

Next time you say, "What shall we eat today?"—try a soup you've never had, or at least not for a long time. You can always prepare easy, tempting and hearty meals around *any* soup. But why not have a change, the fun of something *new*? Check the list . . . fill up your soup shelf . . . and watch the family respond to adventure!

4 kinds that have Chicken Stock

CHICKEN WITH RICE: Tender pieces of chicken and fluffy rice in golden chicken broth. An all-family favorite.

CHICKEN GUMBO: Chicken and vegetables, expertly seasoned. From an old New Orleans recipe.

CHICKEN NOODLE: Old-fashioned egg noodles and generous pieces of chicken in delicious broth.

CREAM OF CHICKEN: Smooth with heavy cream, flavorful with pieces of chicken and celery.

7 kinds that have Beef Stock

BEEF: Pieces of beef, vegetables and barley in good beef stock.

BEEF NOODLE: Generous with golden egg noodles, hearty with beef broth and tender beef.

VEGETABLE BEEF: In this "square meal" soup—vegetables, barley, beef, in sturdy beef stock.

OX TAIL: English-style and robust, with meaty ox tail joints, barley, vegetables.

VEGETABLE: Almost a meal in itself! 15 different garden vegetables in rich beef stock.

BOUILLON: Savory beef broth, flavored with vegetables.

CONSOMMÉ: Herbs, tomatoes, celery and carrots flavor this clear, appetizing beef broth.

These 7 are principally Vegetable

TOMATO: Canada's favorite soup! Red-ripe tomatoes puréed, seasoned, blended with butter.

GREEN PEA: A nourishing purée of green peas with butter and delicate seasonings.

FRENCH CANADIAN PEA SOUP: Hearty with the goodness of choice yellow peas slow-simmered with fine bacon.

CREAM OF ASPARAGUS: A smooth blend of fresh asparagus and butter, with tender asparagus tips.

CREAM OF CELERY: Velvet smooth! Crisp garden celery blended with heavy cream.

CREAM OF MUSHROOM: Blended from fresh mushrooms and heavy cream, with tender pieces of mushroom.

VEGETARIAN VEGETABLE: An all-vegetable soup. Garden vegetables in vegetable broth.

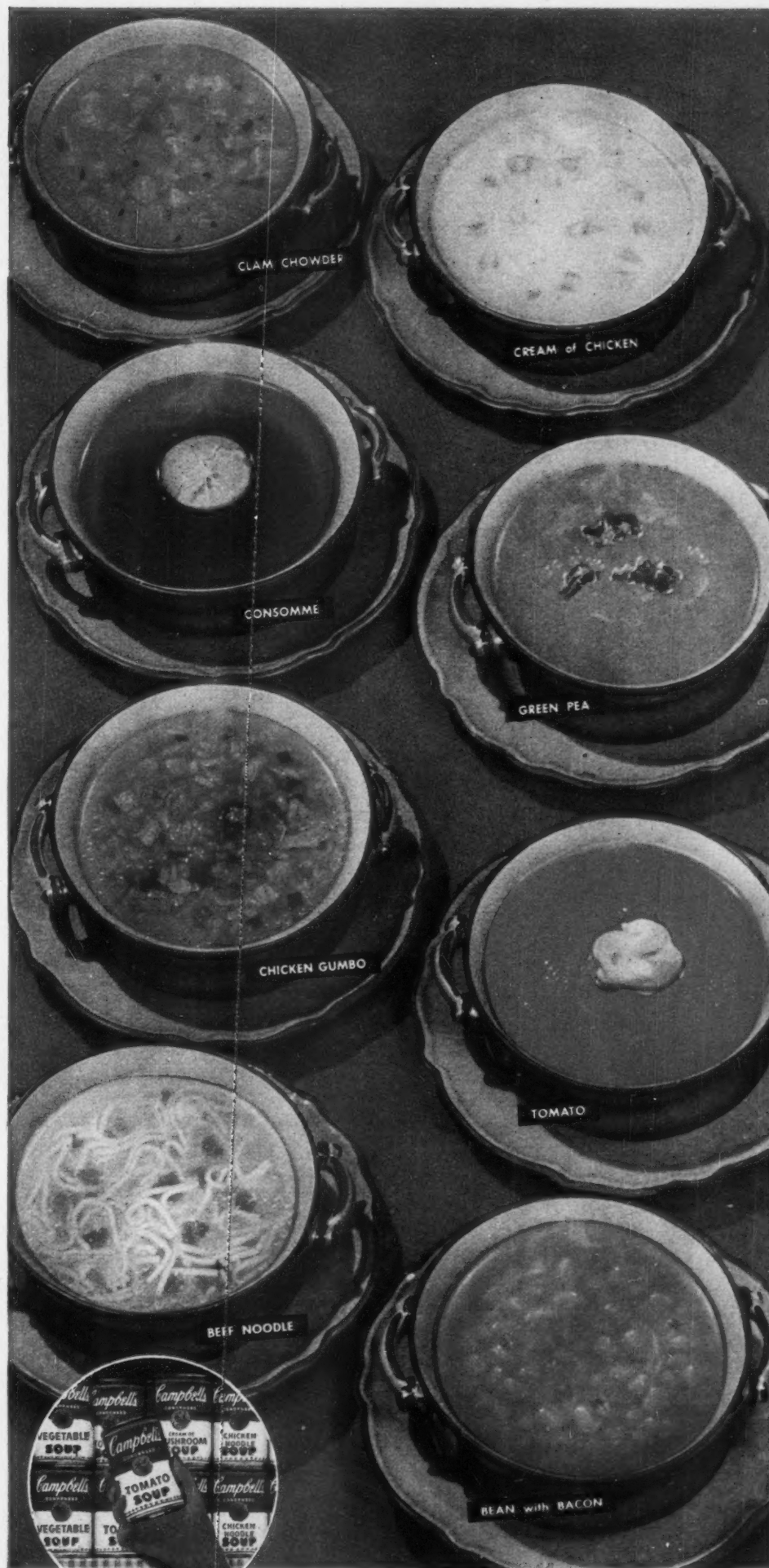
4 that are thick and hearty

BEAN WITH BACON: An old-fashioned, thick soup of plump beans, made savory with the smoky flavor of bacon.

CLAM CHOWDER: Tempting clam broth with chopped clams, tomatoes and potatoes.

PEPPER POT: Substantial with meat, macaroni, vegetables.

SCOTCH BROTH: Sturdy with mutton, barley, and vegetables.



Campbell's SOUPS

CAMPBELL'S ARE CANADA'S FAVORITE SOUPS

Good cooks keep a full soup shelf



Slim basics for
daytime in dress-up
fabrics . . . shiny
buttons set off this
silk sheen casual,
with pert detachable
bow. By David Taub.

Matched ensembles
make bright news for
spring . . . quilted coat
and matching sheath
are in printed
black and beige
silk. By Myers Dress.

Dark or neutral
prints most popular
. . . tiered party dress
in pure silk print
features high empire
waistline. By Lady
Mode Dress.

New impression of
the coat and dress cost-
ume . . . tapered one-button
coat is lined
with the same print
as the dress.
By Myers Dress.

THE '54 MODEL



Empire silhouette
gives sculptured look
to spring clothes . . .
slim dress in silk
sheen has bound
waistline and matching
jacket. By Sam Sherkin.

White is emerging
as a refreshing
color change for spring...
collarless coat has
embroidered neckline and
side fullness. By
Lou Larry.

The circle skirt
over petticoats gets
a new look . . . in French
all-wool print lined
with pellow. Brief
jacket in ribbed French
wool. By Lou Larry.

Unbelted princess
most important
silhouette of the year . . .
in silk sheen with
rounded collar and new
bulk at shoulderline.
By Sam Sherkin.

HAS ALL NEW LINES

BY ROSEMARY BOXER
Fashion and Beauty Editor



Prints everywhere —
most exciting is
this acetate silk jersey
which appeared in Paris
last summer.
Skirt has own petticoats.
By Klover Klad.

Straight lines
are important in new
spring clothes.
late-day formal with
contrasting high-waisted
fascia-type belt.
By Sam Sherkin.

Sleeveless bodices
create new after-five
look . . . plaid taffeta
frock with contrast-
ing cummerbund has
its own petticoats. By
Klover Klad.

Simplicity of design
takes precedence over
detail . . . pure silk
shantung with curved
hipline pockets. Neck-
line edged in piqué.
By David Taub.

THE '54 MODEL HAS ALL NEW LINES (continued)



a Smart Uniform



Young women in the RCAF enjoy an interesting and rewarding life — one that combines important aviation duties specially suited to feminine abilities — travel — and companionship with men and women of like purpose. They serve Canada. Their target's freedom.

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Enhanced by polished brass pulls, the Princess Suite is available in a variety of gleaming finishes—Modern Walnut, Seafoam Mahogany and Tawny Oak—to blend or contrast with any interior. Each unit, from the big, roomy chiffonier to the sleek bed with convenient gallery shelf, offers you many pleasing variations in bedroom arrangement.

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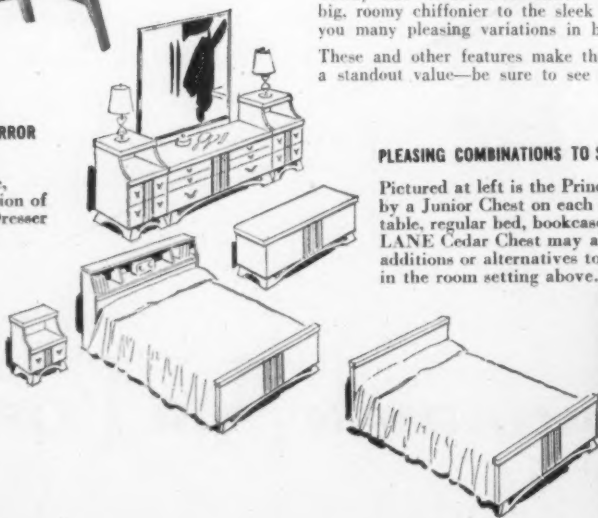
NEW PRINCESS DRESSER WITH EXTRA LARGE MIRROR FOR GREATER LOVELINESS

Just what every woman wants—large, bevelled plate mirrors create the illusion of extra space. The 4-drawer Princess Dresser and attractive bench will add an air of charm to any bedroom.

For Canadians of discriminating taste but modest means, HOMEWOOD Furniture is sold at better stores from coast to coast in outstanding period and modern styles.

PLEASING COMBINATIONS TO SUIT YOUR OWN TASTE

Pictured at left is the Princess Dresser flanked by a Junior Chest on each side. The night table, regular bed, bookcase bed or matching LANE Cedar Chest may also be had as additions or alternatives to pieces shown in the room setting above.



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Limited
HANOVER ONTARIO
Makers of Homewood and LANE furniture
for the Bedroom, Dining room and Living room

Chatelaine



Sew and Save

Our cover basic has a trick personality . . .

HOW TO MAKE ANY BASIC PATTERN FIT YOU

BY HELEN KIRK

NINE TO ONE you own a sewing machine. Six to four you make some of your own clothes. And a dozen to one you'd make *more* clothes and be happier with the results if you were sure you could make them fit as well as our spring cover dress fits the model wearing it on this page.

We found out all about your sewing habits and problems in the latest poll of Chatelaine's Consumer Council—and now we've found a simple way to make a perfect fit a sure thing for every dress you sew. You see, no matter what pattern you choose (and our survey shows you choose Simplicity patterns oftener than any other) it can't be expected to fit *your* particular figure at *all* the critical points, such as the bust, waist and shoulders, which vary so much from individual to individual.

And that's where our perfect-fit insurance comes in. On the next page, you'll find step-by-

step instructions for personalizing patterns to fit *your* figure at *all* points. They can be applied to any basic pattern (having standard front, back and skirt sections). This method was first devised by the Elsé Pattern Service with whose permission we present it for your own use.

You'll find instructions and diagrams are easy to follow. But *first*, measure your own figure from shoulder to waist and waist to hem (back and front); measure your waist, bust, hips and neck to edge of shoulder, keeping track of these figures on a sheet of paper. Next alter your pattern where necessary to make it fit your personal measurements, as shown on the next page.

Then, and not till then, start cutting out your dress using the pattern you've personalized—and the dress is sure to fit *you*.

Pattern 4367, 11-18, 35c.

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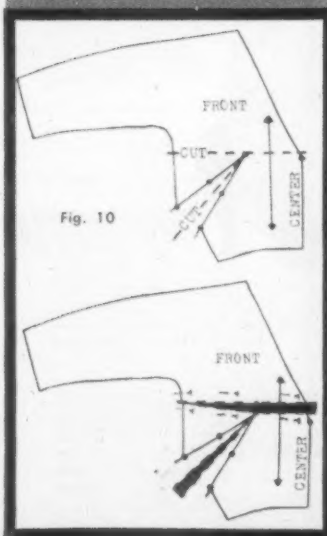
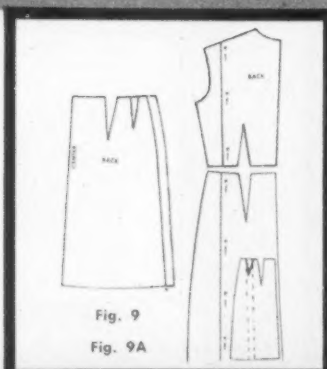
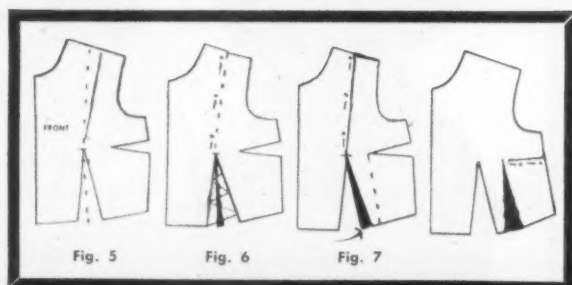
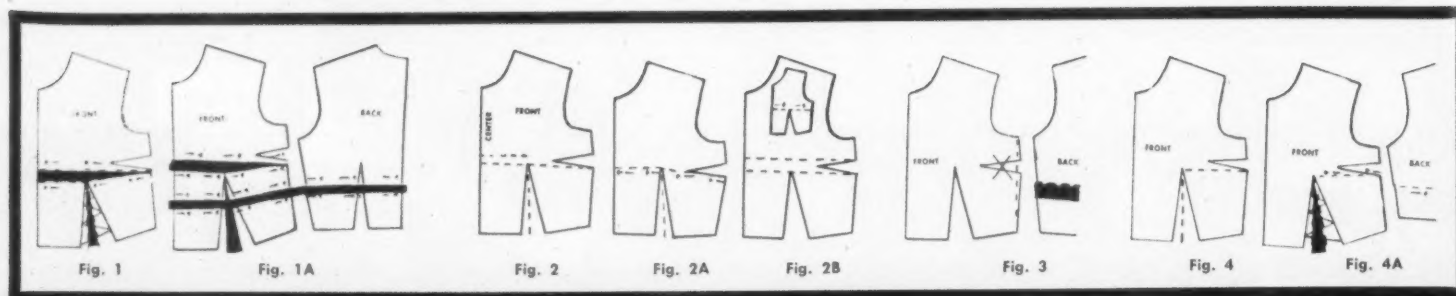
Pattern Dept., Chatelaine.

481 University Ave., Toronto.

Full details
on the next page



Study your own figure — then alter your basic patterns to fit as shown here:



To shorten a pattern: fold it straight across as if making a tuck, and fasten.

To lengthen a pattern: cut it horizontally, lay it on another sheet of paper, spread it apart the necessary amount, and fasten.

For a heavy bust bodice front may have to be lengthened (Fig. 1). Draw horizontal line across bodice front over point of waistline dart; then draw vertical line at right angles to first line through waistline dart. Cut on horizontal line all the way across and also up through centre of waistline dart to point. Then insert desired amount equally from centre front to point of dart gradually diminishing to side seam being sure to keep centre front straight. The amount of waistline dart increases automatically and centre front remains straight as it always must.

If additional back length is required as well as front length, back can be increased as shown by Fig. 1A.

For a short-waisted figure (see Fig. 2, 2A) cut pattern on horizontal line all the way across and again up through waistline dart to point and take out equal amount from centre to point of waistline dart, gradually diminishing to side seam, again keeping centre front straight, which automatically decreases waistline dart.

If figure is flat-chested and amount to be shortened corresponds to depth of side dart (Fig. 2B) draw horizontal lines and fold out this amount all the way across, thus eliminating underarm dart.

When bodice front underarm seam is too short because lower back had to be lengthened, omit underarm dart entirely (Fig. 3).

If bodice front underarm seam is too long because back had to be shortened, and only a small amount has to be taken out, then stitch underarm dart somewhat deeper.

However, if more length must still be taken out, cut into pattern as shown by dotted line (Fig. 4). Then cut up into

waistline dart to point and pin out extra amount in underarm seam which automatically increases width of the waistline dart (Fig. 4A).

If figure is narrow-shouldered draw a line from shoulder seam to point of centre front dart (Fig. 5). Draw a cutting line up through the centre of waistline dart. This forms master dart from top to bottom of section. Fig. 6 shows desired amount taken out at shoulder line by folding pattern on master dart line and bringing to solid line. This is done because no dart is wanted here, especially in the smaller sizes. The waistline dart must be cut to keep pattern flat, thereby increasing width of dart. In making this shoulder adjustment bulges will disappear at the underarm seams. No change is made by this in the waistline.

To decrease shoulder and increase waistline see Fig. 7. Shoulder has been adjusted as per Fig. 6, but if waistline must be increased at the same time, cut up along side of waistline dart to point (shown by arrow) increasing waist measure. If this is not enough increase, draw a new line down from point of underarm dart and slash on line and close side dart as shown in Fig. 8.

Prominent seat alteration (Fig. 9). Adjust pattern by adding to side seam the same amount all the way down and take out the added width at the waistline by taking another dart as shown by lines.

If back bodice was made smaller in width (Fig. 9A) then skirt alteration would be as follows: pin out same amount and make a corresponding decrease in skirt waistline by taking out same amount here and all the way down; or if seat is prominent or there are bulges, then take out amount as a dart as shown in inset.

Bottom illustration (Fig. 10) shows how our own basic pattern bodice was altered using Figs. 1 and 1A. +

Diagrams and alteration instructions courtesy, Elsie Pattern Service

Sew and Save

With Easter in Mind

Plan on the inseparable separates

Fashion's talking doubles for
spring—matching coat and
dress ensembles, and duos that
mix and match, team up or
solo. Casual costume
twins on this page feature
short tapered jacket and
slim basic dress.

Pattern 4596, 12-20, 50c.

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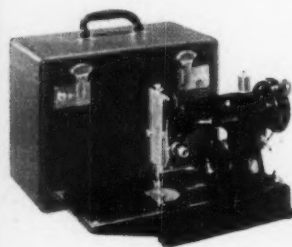
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RENDEZVOUS AT TWILIGHT

Continued from page 21

fort until I get home. I won't be late."

Mr. Hubbard was cross. "What is it? Another one of those cursed meetings?"

"Not one of those," said Mrs. Hubbard, "though I suppose you could call it a meeting. It's a private matter."

"A private matter?" asked Mr. Hubbard, startled.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hubbard. "A very private matter. I won't be gone more than a few hours, and you'll be perfectly all right. I'll get everything started, Betty, and John, don't forget the garbage and the papers. There's nothing wrong, and it's no use for you to badger me. I have an appointment, one that I have no intention of breaking. It's my own affair, and it won't do a bit of good to tease."

The unaccustomed asperity in her tone silenced them. Mr. Hubbard was the first to rally. "I'll call you later," he announced, ominously.

"You can try," agreed Mrs. Hubbard, amiably. "I'll be in and out." She looked at her watch. "You'd better hurry, all of you. It's quarter of."

For the next five minutes, there was bedlam in the Hubbard living room. "Where's my blue scarf?" "Who took my arithmetic book?" "Mamma! There's a button off my coat!" Fleeing, Mr. Hubbard waved desperately, and Mrs. Hubbard blew a kiss and grinned. "Not peanut-butter sandwiches, I hope," threatened John, testing the weight of his lunch box.

Mrs. Hubbard sighed. "Heaven help your wife."

Betty giggled, and John glared furiously. "What's so funny?"

From the doorway Mrs. Hubbard called after them. "John! Remember to bring your rubbers home, or the next time it rains you won't have them! Betty! Watch out for Jenny, crossing the street! There, baby!" This last was directed to Jenny, who had dashed back for a final hug. "Run along now."

The house was weirdly quiet. Mrs. Hubbard poured herself a cup of coffee, groaned and sat down. If she could just sit here, she thought, for fifteen minutes, maybe she wouldn't have to go. But even as she reached for the sugar, there was a tap at the door.

It was her next-door neighbor. "Have they left yet?" she asked, peering cautiously around the door, and, reassured, came in. "I thought I heard them go—but my own were making such a racket—" She sighed deeply, sat down opposite Mrs. Hubbard and lit a cigarette. "Esther, I want to wear that skirt tonight, and I can't figure out those pockets. Can you come over for a minute, some time this morning?"

"Sure thing," said Mrs. Hubbard, gulping her coffee. "Right now." Unless she went immediately, there would be a half hour of chit-chat, and she couldn't spare the time, not if she wanted to make it, tonight.

"You're a lamb," said her neighbor. "I think it's the placket, but I'm not sure."

Twenty minutes later, Mrs. Hubbard re-opened her front door. Flies were buzzing happily over the remains of Jenny's egg. The kitten had overturned

a coffee cup, and there was a dripping brownish stain at the edge of the tablecloth. Crumpled paper napkins littered the floor and John's arithmetic book appeared, as if by magic, on the buffet. "Good morning," caroled Mrs. Hubbard with bitter cheer and reached for her apron.

The telephone rang for her three times while she worked. Once, it was the Civic Association, asking her to type a letter to the Sanitary Commission, once it was her sister-in-law, informing her that a mutual friend was in the hospital, and once it was Tillie, the day worker, announcing that, due to incredibly complicated family difficulties, she would be unable to come in and iron that afternoon. Mrs. Hubbard promised to get the letter off that very day, telephoned the bookshop to send a copy of the latest best seller to the hospital and, remembering that Jenny had a Brownie meeting that afternoon and that her uniform was unironed, dealt a judicious mixture of sympathy and reproach to the hapless Tillie.

By half-past twelve the house was shining. Jenny's uniform was laid out neatly across her bed and the typewriter was set up on the dining-room table. She composed while she ate a sandwich, typed the letter immediately after, and laid it on the table near the door, to mail when she went out, that afternoon. She had just fed the kitten, and rinsed her own plate, when her mother called. "Esther, how are you, dear?"

"Just fine," said Mrs. Hubbard. "Are you and Dad all right?"

"Oh, fine. Dad's gone off to play golf. I was wondering, dear—are you awfully busy, this afternoon?"

"Moderately," said Mrs. Hubbard. "I have to market, and go to PTA. And I have a dentist's appointment."

"Oh—" her mother was obviously disappointed. "Then, you couldn't—" "What's the trouble, Mother? Did you need me for something?"

"Well, it's just that Grace Hamilton was coming over to visit. Your father was going to pick her up—and then he made this date to play golf, and I didn't like to remind him—And she'd never take the bus. You know how she is about public transportation—"

Mrs. Hubbard computed swiftly. "I'll manage, Mother. Tell her to be ready by two-thirty. I'll pick her up on my way back from the market."

"Oh, if you could, darling!" exclaimed her mother, gratefully. "I hate to ask you—I know how much you have to do. But she'd be so disappointed."

"That's all right, Mother. Just ask her to be ready, please. And Mother, I won't come in. I'll have to run."

"I understand, dear. Give my love to the children, and we'll see you Friday."

Her mother and father and the elder Hubbards were coming to dinner on Friday. It was the Hubbards' anniversary, and she had planned something a little special. That is, she meant to plan something special. Now, with a shock, she realized that Friday was only three days away and, for just a second, her mood of racing efficiency vanished and she considered throwing the whole thing up and going to bed. "One thing at a time, Esther," she admonished herself. "One thing at a time. Besides, after tonight, you'll be all right."

At twenty minutes to three, she honked her horn outside the Hamiltons'. Mrs. Hamilton stuck her head out of an

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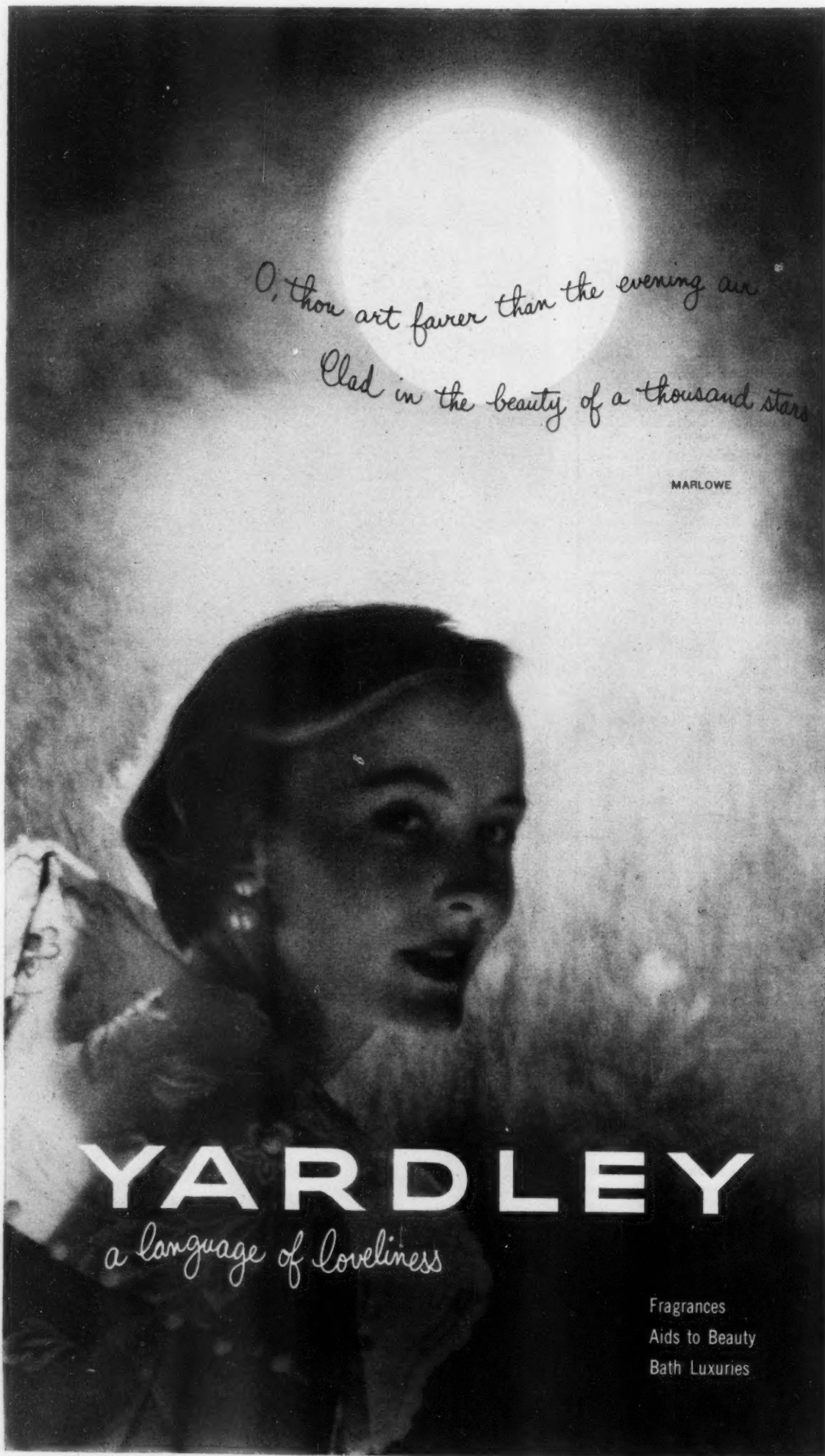
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upstairs window. Her hair was still in curlers. "Esther? Come in and sit a minute, dear. I won't be long."

"I'll wait out here, Aunt Grace," she called back, in tones that she hoped were cordial. "Too hard to climb out!" She gestured at the bundles piled on the seat with her.

It was a quarter after three when she got home. PTA was called for three-thirty, and there was all the food to be put away. If she could just get out before the children were back...

Slamming the last cabinet door, she ran a lipstick hastily over her mouth, smoothed her hair, and started through the living room, when the phone rang again. It was Mr. Hubbard, and he was aggrieved. "Esther? Where have you been? I've been trying all day to get you."

"Have you? But I told you I'd be in and out. Right now, I'm dashing off to PTA. Was it anything important?"

Mr. Hubbard's voice was sly. "About that thing of yours, tonight—that appointment—"

Mrs. Hubbard felt a swift surge of protest. Her voice was tight. "Yes? What about it?"

"Well, I just happened to think. If you could put it off—You know, George Combes' family is away—his wife took the kids to see her mother—and I thought it would be a nice thing to ask him to dinner tonight."

"Have you already asked him?" asked Mrs. Hubbard, feeling the tears ready to sting.

"Well, no. I just thought—"
She sighed relievedly. "Well, you just ask him for tomorrow night. It's extremely important for me to—"
She let the words trail away. "Now," she resumed briskly, "I've got to run. Honestly, darling."

But Mr. Hubbard hung on. "Look, Esther, what is it, anyhow? Is anything wrong? After all—you can't blame me—it is damned peculiar! An appointment you can't even tell me about—"

Mrs. Hubbard was frantic. "Dearest, I haven't time to talk. Sometime, I will tell you, but not now. The children will be here any second, and that will make me later than I already am. I promise, there's nothing wrong. I haven't a date with another man, I'm not sick, and I'm not playing the numbers. It's just something that's important to me, personally, and I have to be there—" and here she slipped a little, "at twilight."

"At twilight!" Mr. Hubbard bawled. "Of all the—! Why at twilight?"

"Because," said Mrs. Hubbard, holding on to her reason like grim death, "because that's the way I want it. Good-by now, dear."

"Esther! Esther, wait a minute! You swear nothing's wrong? I know I've been awfully busy, and everything. I'm sorry I blew up about those shirts. They did put too much starch in them. You saw my neck—"

Mrs. Hubbard laughed hysterically. "I know, dear, I know. Nothing's wrong, cross my heart, and I love you dearly. And I'll speak to the laundryman again."

Mr. Hubbard was helpless. "Well, if you won't—if you're sure—"

"I'm sure. Good-by."

She was late arriving, of course. Too late. They had already put her on a committee and called the first meeting for the following afternoon. And George Combes would be coming to dinner, and

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some time during the day she had to get into town to get some new pants for John. The only decent pair he had left were wearing thin at the knees. Eyeing the PTA doughnuts doubtfully, she took two. The chances were she wouldn't have time to eat again, and she couldn't get there tonight feeling sick. It would spoil everything.

As the meeting broke up one of the women asked Mrs. Hubbard for a lift. Her house was only slightly out of the way, so that it didn't entail any real bother. Only, as they drove, the woman remarked casually that the school looked pretty, didn't it, and that when the library curtains were up it would be just perfect. Sickly Mrs. Hubbard remembered the stack of flowered chintz on her sewing machine, and gasped, "Heavens! I nearly forgot! I'll do them over the week end!" "That will be nice," the woman said comfortingly, "then they'll be up for Parents' Day." Parents' Day was Tuesday. She had forgotten that, too.

She dropped her passenger and looked at her watch. The dentist's office was five minutes away, and she had exactly five minutes. But if she could stop at the

The children were all home.

Betty was playing old Johnny Ray records on the gramophone; Jenny sprawled on the floor, reading comics and wrinkling the Brownie uniform with abandon; John was up in his room, tallying the baseball results. Hurrying into the kitchen, Mrs. Hubbard noticed that the sun was almost down, and that there were already misty overtones on the sky. Swiftly, she mixed hamburgers, sliced raw onions, snapped beans, and put the potatoes in to bake.

"Betty," she said, switching on the living-room lamps, "if you can come down off that little white cloud for a minute, there are two things I'd like you to remember."

Betty giggled appreciatively. "Okay, Mother. Shoot."

"Take the ice cream out of the freezer before you sit down, and don't light the flame under your father's coffee until you're ready to serve dessert."

Betty nodded. "Will do." She bestowed an unexpected kiss on Mrs. Hubbard's cheek. "Have fun."

Turning to go upstairs, Mrs. Hubbard saw the letter to the Sanitary Commission where she had left it, on the table near the door. Well, that would hang over until tomorrow. There was always something. She poked her head around John's bedroom door, and smiled. He was lying on his back, his knees pulled up, the tally sheet propped against them. His expression was rapt.

"Hey, Bud," she said, "your onions are in the refrigerator, in a covered dish. For heaven's sake, brush your teeth after dinner. And don't forget the garbage."

He flapped one hand in lordly recognition. "Okay, Mom. Enjoy yourself."

Jenny followed her to the door. "Momma, will you bring me a present?"

"I won't be near any stores, baby."

The underlip stuck out, the chin wobbled appealingly.

"Two comic books tomorrow," promised Mrs. Hubbard, recklessly. Theories or no, bribery was still the best way.

Jenny smiled one of her de luxe smiles. "Have a nice time, Momma."

They were nice children, she thought, going down the walk. They could bicker and complain and make you want to knock their heads together, but they always came through, when it mattered.

Once in the car, she lit a cigarette, savoring the instant of departure. It was here, the moment she had waited for, all day. The time she had planned lay ahead, open, and full of promise. For just a second, Mrs. Hubbard drew her brows together. Then, she tossed her cigarette out the window and turned the key in the ignition. "The heck with it," said Mrs. Hubbard, inelegantly, and drove off.

Some three hours later, she returned. Locking the car, she noticed that Jenny's tricycle was on the front walk, and wheeled it under the steps, snagging her stocking in the process. "Oh, damn!" said Mrs. Hubbard, fretfully. Pausing on the doorstep, she plucked twigs from the hem of her coat, and scraped her shoes on the doormat. In the living room, Mr. Hubbard looked up from his book. "Hi, darling."

"Hi," said Mrs. Hubbard briefly, and marched upstairs.

There was a grass stain on the back of her skirt. The stocking had started a run, and she tossed it in the waste

Continued on page 40



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Not for the scent of one
remembered flower . . .
Not for a park, green-flooded in the
spring
Not for a sky, rose-crested for an
hour
Will my heart sing!
These are too whispering . . . muted
. . . too exquisite;
I am too spent to tremble for
fragile things.
Now must the deeps thunder . . .
the mountains sunder
Ere my heart sings.

☆ ☆ ☆

laundry, she would have Mr. Hubbard's shirts off her mind, and be able to take her evening without any compunction whatever. Reasoning that two or three minutes wouldn't matter, she parked in front of the laundry and ran in.

"I know, Mrs. Hubbard," said the manager, "all the time we get the same complaint. We try—but what can we do—the kind of help we got—" He extended his palms, despairingly.

"Light starch in the collars," said Mrs. Hubbard, unfeelingly. "Light starch. Last time, he was practically garroted."

Ten minutes later, she was cringing dumbly in the dentist's chair. "Z-z-z—" went the drill, "zee-ow!" and Mrs. Hubbard wiggled her foot, as a signal.

"Relax, Mrs. Hubbard," said the dentist. "Tha-a-t's the girl." And seconds later, "Now, because you've been so good, I have a reward for you."

Spitting miserably into the bowl, she wondered if he were going to give her an ice-cream certificate, or a bunny pin. But it was something even more wonderful. A whole series of appointments, for the month to come.

"Cancellation," the dentist explained. "Isn't that nice?"

"Lovely," managed Mrs. Hubbard, weakly, "just lovely," and staggered out to the car.



"BAND BOX" Ever see a smarter suit? Its clean tailored lines so perfect in fresh spring colours. Hand stitching edges, lapels and buttoned pocket tabs. Cuff length is adjustable. Made of so-smooth "Monterey" an acetate and viscose blend. Colours: blue, pink, grey, aqua or gold. Sizes 10 to 20. Approximately \$30.



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"LIVE FOREVER" Isn't this the kind of classic suit you really live in? It's a crisp acetate blend known as "Phaeton" flannel that shrugs off wrinkles. Note good-looking pleated pocket and lapel applique finished with arrowheads. Light or dark beige, light or dark grey, pink and blue. Sizes 10 to 20. Approximate price \$30.

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"HAPPY EASTER" Isn't this the perfect Easter suit? In "Confetti", a worsted type acetate blend, it has trim lines and dressmaker detail. Contrasting braid adds dash to scalloped jacket. Skirt has double inverted kick pleat at back. Grey, with black braid, beige with brown, blue with navy. Sizes 10 to 20. Approximately \$35.



"PARADE LEADER" Heading the fashion parade this excellently tailored one-button classic is cut from "Prelude" another smooth blend of acetate and viscose. Lapels and pocket flaps are all hand stitched. Pencil slim skirt has back kick pleat. Colours: Grey, pink, blue, gold or aqua. Sizes 10 to 20. Approximately \$30.



"TULIP TOP" The newest "look" achieved with clever button detail. Shawl type collar and jacket are finished with hand stitching. Skirt is generously gored for easy walking. The fabric one of the smoothest crispest blends of acetate and viscose. Grey, pink, blue, gold or aqua. Sizes 10 to 20. Approximately \$30.

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See Store listing on next page

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Continued from page 37

basket. Raising her arm to brush her hair, she winced, and swore again. "Damn!" She knotted the belt of her bathrobe, and went down the hall.

John and Betty were out, but Jenny was fast asleep, the fingers of one hand curled against her mouth. Mrs. Hubbard stood a minute, looking at her, and her face softened. She sat on the edge of the bed, and laid her cheek against that of her youngest child. In her sleep, Jenny flopped one arm around her mother's neck, and sighed contentedly. "Ah, baby," whispered Mrs. Hubbard, thinking that this last one had a special hold.

But on the way down the steps her face became set again, and her voice was crisp. "Where's John?"

"Movies," said Mr. Hubbard.

"On a school night?"

"I told him he could. He promised he'd be home by nine."

Mrs. Hubbard looked at the clock and raised one eyebrow significantly. It was five o'clock.

From a box on the sewing machine, she selected a needle, scissors, and a spool of thread. Gathering up the heap of flowered chintz, she walked briskly back to her chair, and sat down. All her movements were concise and rather overemphasized. For about three minutes there was a rather ominous silence, while Mrs. Hubbard basted.

Mr. Hubbard closed his book with a slap, and looked straight at Mrs. Hubbard. "Esther! For heaven's sake, what's going on?"

"Going on?" murmured Mrs. Hubbard coldly, and bit off a thread.

"Yes. And don't do that—you'll ruin your teeth." Mr. Hubbard was definitely annoyed. "All this stuff about an appointment—at twilight, no less. I take your word for it that it's all right. I let you go, and no questions asked. And then you come home and stomp around and act as if I'd done something criminal, letting John go to the movies! The least you can do is to tell me what it's all about!"

Mrs. Hubbard poked the thread at the needle, blindly. Then she tried poking the needle at the thread. It missed, and went into her finger with a vicious jab. Staring at the sudden spot of blood, Mrs. Hubbard finally gave up. Her face screwed up like a baby's, and she burst into tears.

"Esther!" With one bound, Mr. Hubbard was at her side. "Esther, dearest! What's wrong? Tell me, darling!"

The dam was down, and Mrs. Hubbard frankly blubbered. "It's all so darned silly—I feel like a fool! But it happens, just the same! You run around, doing a million things, when you can't really manage half of them. You try to keep a sense of humor and be nice to people when you want to scream, 'Let me alone!' All the time, you keep thinking, 'It's all right. Any minute now, I can relax and be myself.' And then, you find out you can't! You don't know how! You're not yourself any more! You're nothing but an automaton, with a name!"

Mrs. Hubbard wailed, and accepted Mr. Hubbard's handkerchief. "That's what it was all about. I'd planned it so carefully—a couple of hours alone—away from everybody. No telephone, no errands. Just me—Esther."

Mr. Hubbard's expression was odd,

half-relieved, half-anxious. "You mean there was no appointment, after all? It was all a bluff?"

"It wasn't a bluff!" Mrs. Hubbard sobbed. "I did have a date! With myself!"

Mr. Hubbard got to his feet, and went slowly back to his chair. "But what was all the fuss. Couldn't you simply have gone to your room? Where did you go? And why twilight?"

"I had to fuss," bawled Mrs. Hubbard. "I had to plan it, if I was going to get out, at all! My room, indeed! With the children knocking, and you shouting 'Leave your mother alone!', and then barging in yourself, anyway—oh no!" The yards of flowered chintz slipped to the floor, and lay there unheeded. "If you must know, I went for a walk in the woods! I drove fifteen miles, and then I got out and walked! And it had to be twilight, because there simply was no time during the day, and I'm afraid of the dark!" She glared defiantly.

"Well, that's okay," said Mr. Hubbard, reasonably. "So you went for a walk. But what are you so mad about? What happened?"

Mrs. Hubbard's sobs resumed, rose to an alarming crescendo. "Nothing! Nothing at all! I walked until my legs ached, and then I sat down on some awful scratchy grass, and all I could think about was the party Friday night, and whether I should let Betty have a permanent. And on the way back, I fell and hurt my elbow, and the car stalled, and it took me nearly an hour to get it started, and it was pitch black, and O-o-o-h!" Mrs. Hubbard's head went down in her lap, and her shoulders heaved.

"Got to have that clutch fixed," said



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Mr. Hubbard, meditatively. "I should have told you. Come here."

Mrs. Hubbard looked up, met Mr. Hubbard's calm gaze, and stumbled across the carpet to him. Curled on his lap, she wept, whimpered, and subsided. Her head against Mr. Hubbard's chest, she raised one hand, and fingered his shirt collar.

"I spoke to the man," she sniffled, "about the starch."

"Damn the starch," said Mr. Hubbard. "Be quiet."

Behind them, the front door jerked open. "Hah!" said John, "smooching! Hiya, Mom! Anything to eat?"

"Your mother's tired," said Mr. Hubbard, severely. "And it's twenty after nine. Where have you been?"

"Spent all my money on popcorn," said John, cheerfully. "Had to walk home. Worked up a terrific appetite."

"Okay, okay," said Mrs. Hubbard, pulling herself up from Mr. Hubbard's lap. "Come on. We'll see."

In the kitchen, she arranged a plate; cold beef, a pickle, a piece of cake. "Oh boy!" said John, pouring milk, "This is the life!" And then, as Mrs. Hubbard pulled his hair, yanked at his ear, "Ouch!"

She had just sat down again, when Betty floated in. "Mother. Guess what!"

"Your mother's tired," said Mr. Hubbard, weakly.

"What, darling?" said Mrs. Hubbard, thinking that straight hair was really lovely, when it was blond and thick.

"Mary Lou is going to have a dance for her birthday! A real dance, with a three-piece orchestra! Please, Mother, could I have a permanent?" Her face was prayerful.

Eyeing the silky sweep, Mrs. Hubbard surrendered ruefully. "All right, dear. I suppose so."

Betty's hug was immense. "You're such a lamb!"

An hour later, the house was quiet again. On the table between Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard was a tray, holding two coffee cups, now empty, and the remains of the cake. Mr. Hubbard was reading. Mrs. Hubbard, her face placid, was basting again. At one point she held the material up, shook it into graceful folds and nodded approvingly. Under her breath, she began to hum.

Mr. Hubbard looked up. He stared at Mrs. Hubbard, until he caught her eye. "Feeling better, aren't you?" he said.

Mrs. Hubbard regarded his expression considerably. His smile was fond, but ever so faintly patronizing. "Oh, much!" she said, brightly.

Mr. Hubbard looked strong. "You just needed to blow off a little steam. Perfectly natural—" It was evident, from his face, that he had added, mentally, "For a woman."

"People do need a little time to themselves," Mrs. Hubbard offered, tentatively.

"Well—of course!" his tone was hearty. "Next time you feel that way, you just run on upstairs, and let me tend to things."

"I'll do that," said Mrs. Hubbard.

Something about her voice made Mr. Hubbard peer suspiciously. Meeting Mrs. Hubbard's smile, he bridled. For a second their eyes held, and then, suddenly, like old friends sharing a joke, they burst into a chuckle, a guffaw, a positive roar of laughter. ♦



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YOU NEVER LEAVE YOUR OLD HOME TOWN

Continued from page 24

Reunion—a baseball tournament, trotting races and a gala ball at night. Then all the old-timers stayed on for the big church anniversary on Sunday, Monday was given over to visiting with the whole town attending the church supper and

concert in the evening, and finally on Tuesday the twenty-fourth, the cornerstone laying.

The emotional impact on the village children of these combined occasions was almost more than we could stand. For a week or more we were on the go helping with preparations, practically on tiptoe in our eagerness. I learned then, I suppose, as I saw all the old family friends and acquaintances arrive for these great events, something that I didn't fully comprehend until years later

long after I had gone away myself. No matter how long you've been away from a place you've loved you never really leave your old home town.

The magnitude of what was happening didn't fully come to me until the day I brought my mother two letters from the post office and our lives were immediately thrown into exciting turmoil.

The arrival of mail was always a thrilling event—but imagine two letters for Mother in one day! She looked at

the letters, said to my father, "I wonder who they're from." Father paused and looked up from his paper to answer, "Open them up Anne and you'll find out."

She skimmed through them quickly, laid them down, said in the most excited manner, "Robert, the Tamblins and Mrs. Whiteside have written to say they are coming. I've only a week to get the house cleaned."

And cleaned that house was from top to bottom. We'd already suffered through spring housecleaning. This was an extra effort. So while the store was swirling with great plans for bunting and other decorations, for horse racing and baseball tournaments, as these were plotted by the reeve and his cohorts, our house was upended from one end to the other.

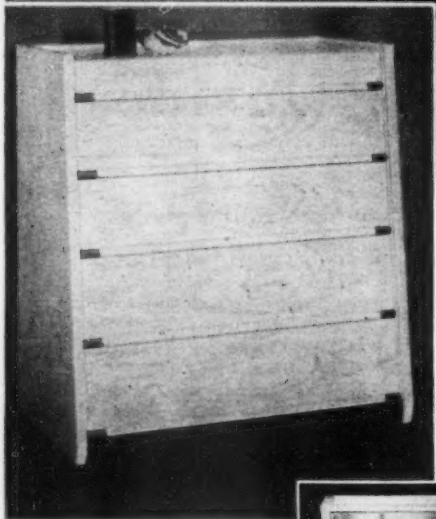
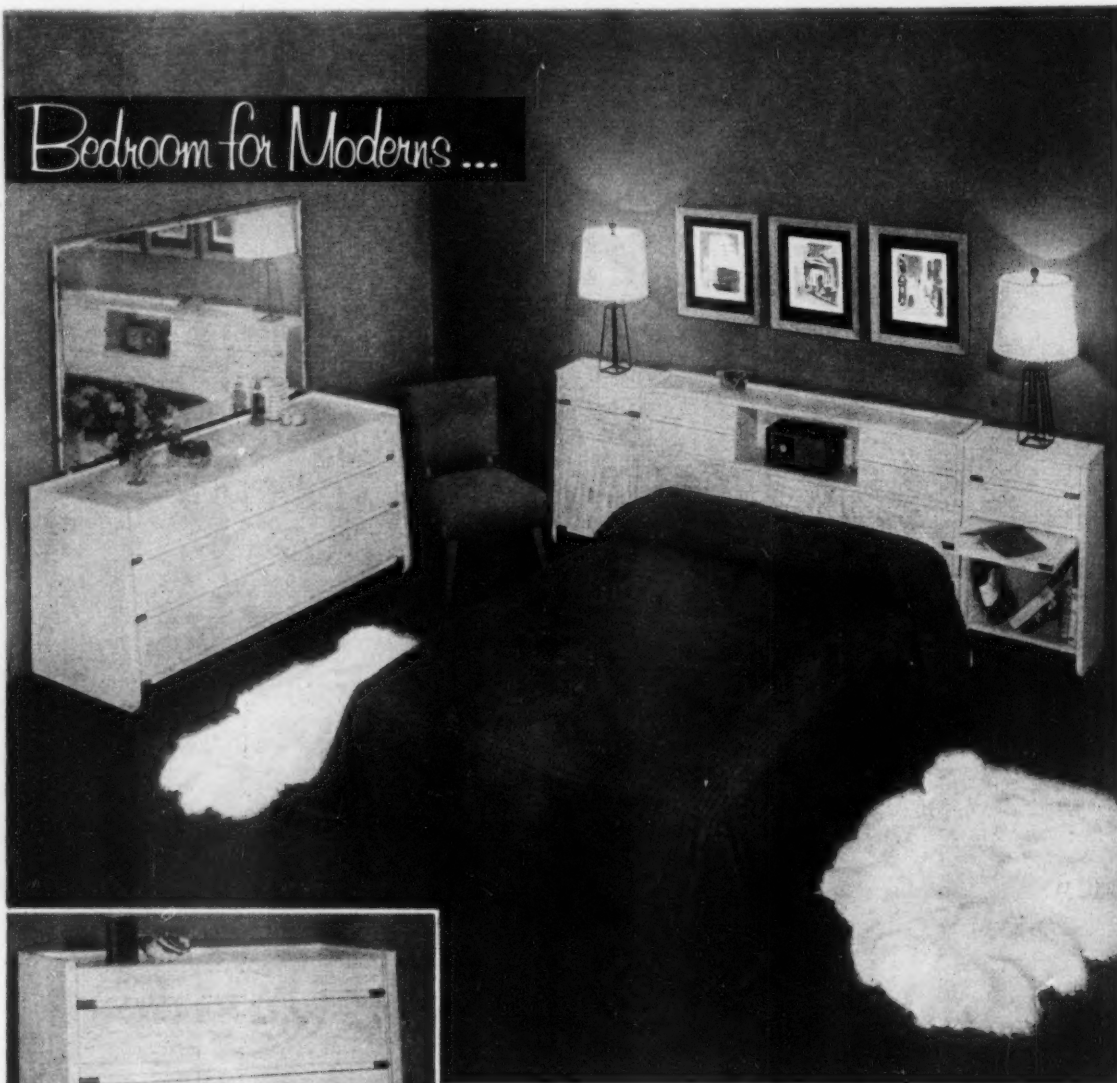
Pillows Were Indecent

We had a fairly large house attached to the store. It had to be large with seven children, some of the clerks from the store, two schoolteachers, the hired girl . . . altogether twenty-three to twenty-five people living in it. The boys slept army-fashion in five single beds in one big room over the store. Over the house section we had the spare bedroom and next to that my little room which I had all to myself since I was the only girl upstairs. Now, figured Mother, the spare bedroom could accommodate the two Tamblins, but right there and then in her plans I was shuffled out of my room to make way for Mrs. Whiteside. I was delighted, because this meant I must sleep between Mother and Dad in the big bedroom downstairs.

There was a deplorable difference between the two rooms our guests would occupy, however. The spare bedroom was most impressive, the floor covered with Brussels carpet, red and black, soft as velvet, which ran wall to wall. On the floor of my room was a homemade rag carpet. The spare bed was wide and handsome with one of those great high headboards. It had a feather tick, linen sheets and pillowcases, a crocheted bedspread, the best down pillows—and pillow shams, the last touch of elegance. My bed was a drab thing with no frills and the varnish worn thin.

Pillow shams were standard equipment in any respectable spare bedroom in our village. They consisted of a pair of wire frames completely covered with hand-embroidered cotton, hinged to the head of the bed. During the day when the bed was made up the shams were lowered into place like a canopy to provide a decent covering for the pillows themselves—pillows being considered just a bit indecent. At night when the bed was turned down the pillow shams were folded back against the head of the bed. This was usually accomplished only with difficulty, and a noise like a gun going off. And sometimes they came down again during the night over the head of the unsuspecting sleeper, terrifying if not actually smothering the victim.

The work that went into covering a pair of pillow shams! The final touch was a line of poetry composed by the housewife herself and embroidered on fine cotton in the color that she best liked. Then the shams were starched until they could stand alone without their frames. I can remember Mother embroidering for hours on those pillow



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shams in our spare room with one side saying, "Lilies close their eyes at night," while the other said, "But ope them sweet with morning light."

Now, pillow shams were hard to come by and expensive. But could the Tamblins sleep under such floral glory while the equally honored Mrs. Whiteside slept without pillow shams? Certainly not. So the search was on. W. J. Bell, the hardware merchant, after a lot of writing back and forth to Toronto finally located another pair of pillow-sham frames, and the work of covering and embroidering them began. That could be done only at night because Mother's day was packed from dawn till dark. Everyone took a hand in making up the two-line couplet and finally we emerged with this masterpiece: "Angels guard your bed tonight" — "And bring you safe to morning light."

That was only the beginning. The whole bedroom had to be done over. My little bed got two coats of varnish. So too did the dresser with the high mirror and the washstand—no inside plumbing in those days. Years before Father, in a fit of exuberance, had bought a wash set to sell in the store, consisting of an outsized wash basin, a pitcher, a soap holder, a tooth-brush holder and the last inevitable bit of equipment which no one ever mentioned. You'll remember it—it retired gracefully inside the closed door of the washstand. Oh yes, there was a slop bowl too. This set had been standing in the store for years, white with gold trimming, too expensive to sell, too good to give away as a wedding present. Mother seized on it for Mrs. Whiteside.

Then, there was the question of a chair. The spare bedroom boasted a comfortable good-looking rocker, while a kitchen chair did in my room. Mother

had a real stroke of genius. Downstairs in the parlor we had straight cane-bottomed chairs. (Nowadays you'd call them occasional chairs.)

Mother took a long look at that white-and-gold washstand service, turned to my father and said, "I'm going to paint one of those parlor chairs gold." And that's exactly what she did. For three days we watched the transformation of the chair with the aid of gold powder and banana oil, mixed in a little can and applied with a small paintbrush.

Neighbors came in to admire the masterpiece. Mother stood by with the proud air of a Christian Dior, and the craze for gold chairs swept the village like wildfire.

I remember, too, that all the lace curtains in the house came down, were stiff-starched and were stretched on curtain stretchers in the back yard. My brother Jack and I had to do the stretching and until you've stretched curtains with every point placed on a sharp pointed nail you have no idea

what the Spanish Inquisition was like. Bloody, pricked but triumphant we stretched sixteen pairs of curtains.

All this time plans were going forward for the Old Boys' Reunion. Bunting and flags went up on all the store fronts. Cedar trees hacked down in the swamp were nailed up in battalions along Main Street. Finally some of the younger and more adventurous spirits concocted a big cedar arch that soared across from Pringles' Store to Reynolds' Store. And beneath it hung a huge hand-lettered

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inscription which read "Welcome to Beeton, Old Boys."

Hand bills were up all over town and out on the country roads. They announced the huge baseball tournament with four teams competing—Beeton, Tottenham, Colgan and Alliston. It was whispered round town (but stoutly denied) that some of the gay young blades were betting on the game. Store stocks were refurbished and the glad hand was out for every old boy and girl.

By Friday night the visitors had all arrived. They'd come by train, so many of them that the old bus had to make four trips up from the station; and they had come by horse and buggy. There was enough layer cake baked and eaten that night to feed a small army. And Saturday, ah Saturday, was just like Fall Fair Day. The same crowds, the same excitement, only for this reunion we wore summer dresses and summer hats instead of winter clothes.

In our family there was no problem about clothes. What fitted Bruce one year was handed on to Earl the next year and so on down the line of our brothers. But when it came to me, because I had no older sister, the only thing to do was let out a hem which hadn't faded evenly with the rest of the dress so that the bottom two inches of my dress was a good bright blue and the rest of it sort of faded. Did that bother anybody? Not a bit. For all day the fun went on.

There was a big dance Saturday night for which Father forsook the store (there was no business anyway). He dressed up in his Queen's Own uniform, the bright red coat, the navy trousers, even the sword. My mother retired to her

bedroom accompanied by us children who sat on the bed to watch her dress. First of all there were the corsets to tighten and Mother had her own technique. In those days corsets were really armor and laced up the back from the top to the waist, then from the bottom to the waist with the slack in the centre. By fastening the corset laces over the bed post and walking away steadily but firmly the waist was pulled in to the required twenty-one inches. We were fascinated. Over the corset went the bustle, two starched petticoats, corset cover and bright red taffeta blouse with the neck boned high, and the long black taffeta skirt. As a last bit of elegance she pinned a fuchsia in her hair. When Mother's ball costume was complete we looked at her and thought to ourselves, "There won't be anyone more beautiful at the ball than our mother."

Come Sunday and the scene had changed. This was the big day at the Presbyterian Church, the anniversary involving the same concentrated preparation as did the reunion. The first little Presbyterian Church in the town was a white frame edifice. Then as the church membership increased a brick church was built to hold far more people than would ever fill it.

There were three churches in the village—Methodist, Anglican and Presbyterian. Both the Methodists and the Anglicans had resident ministers with morning and evening services. Our minister lived in Tottenham, five miles away, and so we had only an afternoon service. You can imagine how each of the churches in a village with a population of between four and five hundred, amid a scattered farm community,

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worked to attract a congregation. Never was a village so preached for and at, never was the competition for saving souls and raising money so brisk.

But on this memorable Sunday each year brotherly love triumphed and both the other churches canceled their evening services so that everyone might attend the Presbyterian anniversary. What a feeling of satisfaction it gave members of our church to have not one but three ministers sitting behind the pulpit—and the visiting anniversary preacher as well!

What preparations the choir made with practice after practice! What care was taken with the church decorations! An important part of these were always the two high vases brought back to Beeton from a trip to Persia by D. A. Jones, the postmaster, and his delicate little wife who looked like a fine china figurine herself. D. A., incidentally, was not only the village's most traveled man, having been to such places as Rome, Palestine and Algoma, but was the man who gave Beeton its name, because of his interest in beekeeping.

Best Friends Sat Together

But back to decorating the church—the platform around the pulpit was banked solidly with sweet-scented geraniums and just ordinary geraniums, with every potted plant which could be produced for the occasion by the women of the congregation. And as carefully as a hothouse nurses along its carnations and poinsettias and mums so that they will break and bloom at just the right time, so those house plants were nursed along. If the buds appeared too soon they were carefully covered with newspapers and put down cellar until three days before the anniversary. And this particular year all the wild cherry trees happily burst into bloom that week end. How we loved it.

My father, having been brought up very strictly, didn't believe in Sunday work. All our shoes were shined the night before. All the food we ate on the Sabbath was cold. Even reading on Sunday was supposed to be a carnal pleasure. But come anniversary Sunday we didn't care. I still remember the thrill of having a morning service (and Sunday School canceled!) and having all the old-timers to dinner whom Mother and Father brought home from church. I remember the unaccustomed freedom of the long leisurely afternoon when Father took us for a walk in the woods, and the early supper and getting all dressed up again before the evening walk up to the church.

Regular members went early to the night service so that they could occupy their own pews on this day of all days. My eldest brother, Bruce, marched us all into our pew and kept an eagle eye on us since Father and Mother were both in the choir.

On that particular anniversary night sitting with me was my best friend, Jessie MacPherson, daughter of our local schoolmaster and as dear to me as a sister. Jessie had long black hair—mine was bobbed. Jessie was a perfect little lady even at the age of seven; I was a tomboy. And I expect that's why we got along so well together. Later on we even had our pictures taken together (it illustrates this article) and Mother framed it in Battenberg lace which was all the rage then.

Our pew was fourth from the front.

Directly behind us sat a retired Presbyterian minister, the Reverend Crystal, and his wife. Mr. Crystal always carried a gold-headed cane to church and when the younger members of our family got to twitching and twittering during the sermon he would reach over gently with his cane and bop us on the head. That was good for five minutes of silence. The Smart family sat in front of us and away over on the far side sat the Semple family. The MacPhersons, the Martins, the MacDonalds, the Dead-

mans—I can see them all as plainly as if it were yesterday.

And I can remember, too, how a little catastrophe in black sateen was averted. Mother, busy up until the last minute with company supper, had been wearing one of her little embroidered sateen aprons over her Sunday dress and when she walked up into the choir loft she still had the apron on. One of the kind choir members reached over during the opening prayer, untied it, laid it down.

But one golden memory remains. The

church was crowded of course. Even the little pull-out "bread boards" that slid out from the ends of the pews for extra seats were all occupied with a great deal of squeaking. Indeed they aroused quite a lot of perturbation amongst the ushers lest they might collapse. The church was lit with great hanging brass lamps so that the light throughout the church was almost like candlelight.

The service opened with the old psalm "Unto the Hills." We were impression-

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able children, brought up on psalms. The sound and the almost mournful cadence of that psalm was something we never forgot. It's a feeling that I've never recaptured in St. Paul's in London, in St. Peter's in Rome, in St. Andrew's in Montreal or in St. Giles' in Edinburgh. Even now going back to what seems a little church in Beeton that ecstasy of sorrowful joy can be recaptured just by shutting my eyes.

No one hurried home after evening church. Neighbors met neighbors, talked, reminisced, while the horses down in the church shed whinnied, pawed the ground, begging "Let's go home and get this over."

And what stylish turnouts these horses drew. The first rubber-tired buggy appeared in the church shed on that memorable anniversary and caused as great a furore as did the first motor car, later on. There were a few double buggies with the extra seat behind

—the Deadmans came in one of those. Buggies, democrats, fancy whips and harness—every bit was shined up for the Anniversary Sunday.

On Monday night came the church supper which simply had to be well attended because the proceeds went to pay part of the minister's salary. This year, thanks to the Old Boys' Reunion, there was a capacity crowd.

Nowadays when church kitchens are equipped like cafeterias it's difficult to visualize the difficulties under which a church supper was produced. There were no church tables so these were made of trestles and boards. Tablecloths, silver, china were all loaned from individual homes. Add to that the really hearty meal which the women had to produce, plus the talent which the committee had to dig up from somewhere, without any cost whatsoever, for the concert that followed.

Food preparation started early Mon-

day morning . . . pies, cakes, hot biscuits, all kinds of pickles, homemade bread, pounds of butter, but most important of all the cooking of the hams and the dozens of bags of potatoes which had to be peeled. All the women of the church were there right after noon dinner. The hustle and bustle that went on was just like a mad house but sharp at five those tables were set, food was on the plates, great dishes of mashed potatoes were on the tables.

Being children we were let in at a reduced rate and quite frankly the church lost money on every child who ate—two or three pieces of pie and all the layer cake we could hold, washed down with good strong tea which we were never permitted to drink at home at that tender age.

During the period between the supper and the concert the old-timers wandered over to the old burying ground. There were peonies, great red blazing beauties,

in bloom, and that year the early yellow roses were also in flower. Some of the tombstones were so old they had fallen flat on the ground; some were so ancient that even the lettering had been washed off by the weather. That small group came back quietly to sit in the church and wait for the concert to begin. Downstairs the dishes were left. Everyone wanted to hear Miss Fenton sing Listen to the Mocking Bird followed by The Letter Edged in Black. That was always the signal for tears in the eyes.

Local elocutionists, local quartettes, local speakers, occasionally a member of parliament, and the day was done except for the washing up, the collecting of dishes, the counting of silver. And while this went on husbands stood over in the corner, ate the food that was left, grumbled about having to wait, but everyone did wait until the last five cents was counted.

The men were jubilant, the women were tired out and the treasury was richer by \$149.75. After all, what can you expect in the way of financial return when children ate all they could hold for fifteen cents a head and the grownups had the best baking the country could produce at thirty-five cents each?

Next day it was all over as the last of our guests departed, and that night I went back to my own bed in my own room. It was stripped of its giddier glories—the washstand set back on its shelf in the store, the gold chair back in the parlor—but the exhilarating fresh-scrubbed, fresh-varnished smell lingered and I lay wide-eyed a long time treasuring the memories of the greatest week end Beeton ever knew. +

Next Month:

Kate Aitken concludes her series of reminiscences about her small-town childhood and tells how Spring Always Went to Our Heads.

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WHEN YOUR PARENTS LIVE WITH YOU

Continued from page 12

is confused, lost, nervous and afraid (even if she doesn't look it). She has lost her identity. She lacks recognition.

Added to all this, she has no money. Without money, she is unable to go anywhere, do anything, or buy herself or the household the smallest trifle. Financial entrenchment is hard at any age, and especially difficult after one reaches middle age. It's a bitter pill for Mrs. Parker to have to ask her son for carfare and collection so she can go to church on Sunday. She feels lowered in her self-esteem.

Emotional insecurity cripples her still further. John Falconbridge, director of the Second Mile Club (a social and recreational club for older folk in Toronto), says, "The realization of physical unattractiveness, together with the loss of friends, is part of the disease of loneliness old people suffer."

A woman of seventy explained it this way. "I used to have a doctor who knew me since I was a girl and I could discuss my personal problems with him. That's a thing of the past now. My present doctor doesn't even remember my name when I go to him. The bank manager used to give me credit without identification because he knew my grandfather and my father. Now the new one regards me as a stranger. All the dear old friends are gone and new people are coming up. I'm nobody."

Over and over, old people talk about this kind of loneliness. "I live in the past," says the mother of a friend of mine. "I had a happy childhood in an affectionate home and I think about that and get lonely for long ago."

The loneliness is made worse by the feeling that nobody needs them. "I feel so useless!" people like old Mrs. Parker say. "What good am I doing, just sitting around? I might as well be dead."

Ill health doesn't help them to feel any more cheerful. Most older people have one or two fairly constant complaints, for as age creeps on, so does disease and physical disability. There's rheumatism and arthritis, varicose veins and high blood pressure, asthma, sciatica, constipation, hemorrhoids, pernicious anaemia, gout, itching of the skin, "nerves." Any of them can make daily life miserable; some of them are torture. Doctors say that someday the science of geriatrics may be able to eliminate many of the so-called "diseases of old age." But that day is yet to dawn, and in the meantime there are other things, like false teeth and bifocals, grey hair and wrinkles, to make older people feel insecure and ugly. Many men and women are frightened and angered by the decline of their five senses and the loss of their good looks.

When old people like Mrs. Parker feel lost, useless, frightened, lonely, sick and financially dependent, they are obviously in no mood to be constructive about their problems. They can't, or won't, express themselves the way they used to. Their hobbies are often forgotten, their interests slacken, they lack confidence and initiative, and their world narrows down to the small circle in which they sit, complaining of the noise and the cold and others' uncaring attitude.

If their children, or their children's

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mates, are themselves emotionally immature, the situation is made even worse. Some young people react emotionally and hysterically to their parents, carrying over into their adult lives all the deep-seated conflicts they acquired as children. Others resent not the individual older person but old age itself, which will one day rob them too of their youth and good looks and independence. Their attitude of being bored by older people is really a kind of unconscious escapism.

So much for the psychology of growing old.

Now then—what can the Parkers do to make things easier for George's mother? How can good attitudes and wise actions make their life together a pleasant thing for everybody? What did they do that was wrong? What should they have done?

First of all, any three people proposing to live together should talk things over at the start, in as pleasant and even-tempered a manner as possible. Old Mrs. Parker should be encouraged to state her needs. The younger Parkers can consider these needs and see what can be done about them.

Privacy, of course, is a must for an older person. Ideally, the Parkers can build a small annex to their home for George's mother, with her own entrance, her own bathroom and kitchenette, and a bit of her own furniture in it. Here she can live handy for visits and close by for emergencies, with a maximum of independence. Unfortunately, happy solutions like this cost money and are impossible except for a comparatively few Canadian couples. Next best is a pleasantly furnished private room in the quietest part of the house, equipped with a radio and a good light to read by. If old Mrs. Parker is at all reasonable, she will realize that this room is her refuge not only when she is tired or sick, but also at such times as her son and his wife are partying late, or engaged in a private squabble, or admonishing their children.

Mary Parker should see that her mother-in-law has her own clothes closet and bureau, her own shelf in the bathroom, and her own favorite foods which appear on the menu from time to time. George should use tact in handling his mother's financial needs. A weekly allowance, handed over to her at the same time as he gives his wife her household money, is one way of covering up an embarrassing situation. If his mother won't accept an allowance, he can make a point of remembering her birthday and spaced anniversaries like Valentine's Day, Easter, Mother's Day, Thanksgiving and Christmas with a gift cheque or bit of apparel.

The older Mrs. Parker will feel useful and needed if her daughter-in-law shows that she appreciates her help in running the house. Both women should talk this matter over, state their preferences in the way of household tasks, and try to divide up the jobs so that each has an equal share of pleasant and unpleasant work. Nobody wants to wash a sinkful of dirty dishes three times a day while somebody else runs a vacuum and polishes the silver.

If the older woman feels well and healthy, and looks favorably upon the idea, she should be encouraged to find outside work. For instance, down the street from Mrs. Parker lives young Mrs. Anderson, who was offered a

highly remunerative position if only she could find someone trustworthy to mind her two-year-old daughter Susie. Mrs. Anderson's mother, who had moved in a few months before, promptly spoke up and offered to mind the child, an offer which was accepted only on condition that she accept a nominal "salary" for her work. "After all," her daughter explained, "if you weren't here I'd have to hire a good nursemaid or refuse the job."

In the next block, in the Smith

household, the situation is reversed. Grandma Smith goes out to work. A capable and energetic woman still in her sixties, she had found time hanging heavily on her hands in her daughter-in-law's house. When she was offered a job in the neighborhood flower shop, she was delighted. Now young Mrs. Smith, whose interests are purely domestic, gets breakfast for her whole family, including Grandma; Grandma goes off to work leaving the younger woman to do her household tasks and bring up

her children in her own way; and everybody meets for supper, glad to see each other and talk over the day. The older Mrs. Smith says, "When you have a job and money of your own, and they see you're still needed, then your family appreciates you more."

Unfortunately, there are few jobs open to older people today, so that "Go out and get a job" is easier said than done. Still, many women have found remunerative work baby sitting, or nursing, or reading to an invalid, or taking a



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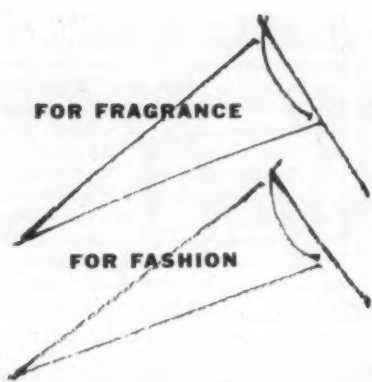
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part-time job in offices or stores to relieve the regular help during vacations, lunch hours, and busy seasons. In eight Canadian cities—Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, London, Windsor, Montreal, Vancouver and Winnipeg—the National Employment Service employs a full-time counselor to work with older people and the other two hundred employment offices across Canada look into the situation on a part-time basis. It's worth older persons' time and effort to have a chat with the officer in their city and see what is available now, and what may be turning up.

Because every human being, regardless of age, needs a bit of relaxation, young people should encourage their older folks to get out and meet people and have some fun. Introduce them to any congenial people or groups you can think of, religious, political or recreational. Tell them about the great need of almost all charitable organizations for volunteer workers. By meeting others in their same situation, they will gain perspective and realize that fate has not singled out them alone to be old and unwell and lonely.

At the same time, don't push your older folks into activities that don't interest them. Remember that they are individuals, just as you are, and they have their own personal likes and dislikes, prejudices and preferences. Don't make the mistake of thinking that just because they're old, they're all alike. A wise doctor says, "What happens when you grow old? Nothing. You're just like yourself, only more so."

If your older folk show no interest in the things you suggest, don't be surprised. It will take time. Maybe, in your case, it won't ever work out. Many old people lack confidence in themselves and their capacity for making new friends, they are "too tired" or "too sick" to bother going out in search of new interests, even though you assure them it's just what they need. Old people have sore feet, they don't enjoy standing up on streetcars, and they are afraid of slipping and fracturing a bone that will take months to mend. Try to understand some of their fears and hesitations. Go slow with your schemes for their amusement. A quiet evening with another elderly friend may be all they're up to (you can make up

some sandwiches and cakes, fetch the friend, and leave them to their talk while you go to the movies with your husband). On the other hand, there are many, many older folk who would vastly prefer going to the movies themselves. As one gay old gentleman recently told me, "I'm seventy-eight, but that doesn't mean I want to talk to every other old man who's seventy-eight. Damn it, girl, I still want some fun out of life!"

At any number of clubs like the Second Mile, in Toronto, old people are finding fun, in a wide range of activities including art lessons, sewing bees, literary concerts and dancing.

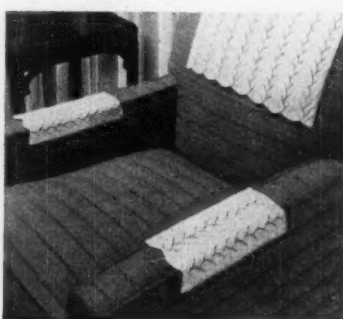
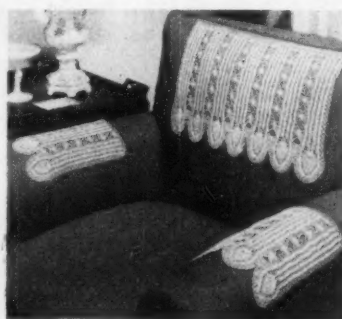
One old lady confided to the director not long ago, "When I was young, my father wouldn't let me dance, and all my life I've missed a lot of fun. It wasn't till I joined up here that I learned to dance."

No one has ever dared to come out with a guaranteed, sure-fire recipe showing young folks and old folks how they can live peaceably together. Because human beings are individuals, with individual problems of adjustment, no one ever will.

Still, many couples have worked at the problem and met with some success. They say that living with older folk calls for hard work and good manners on both sides, that everybody's got to use tact and understanding and swallow some of the words they're dying to utter. On the other hand nobody should have to brood in silence over injustice, real or fancied. Things must be spoken out, but quietly, and not in the heat of battle. There must be real diplomacy in money matters, consideration in little things, respect for the other person's point of view and, last but not least, a hard and fast rule concerning the children of the family, whose manners and morals should lie in the hands of their parents and no one else.

Above all, say those who should know, you've got to want to make it work. If you're still considering alternatives, just "giving it a try" and hoping vaguely for the best, you'll find that it probably won't work.

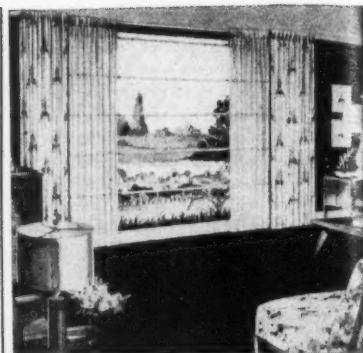
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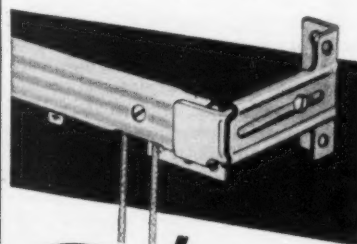
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WHEN YOUR PARENTS LIVE ALONE

Continued from page 13

Florida, to spend the rest of their lives in cheerful ease, and there are prairie oldsters who flee the cold and settle on the mild British Columbia coast, only to find themselves unhappy strangers, as lost as if they had been exiled to tent life on the Sahara desert.

Young people sometimes say, "It was so wonderful in that little town we visited last summer, up Muskoka way. Why don't we get mother to go up there to live? It wouldn't cost her much, and she could go for little walks and meet nice people and sit in the sun and just relax."

The trouble with this prescription, say those who have worked with older people, is that it is looking at the problems of age with the eyes of youth. As a rule older people prefer to stay on in a place they know, no matter how inconvenient, among familiar faces and known surroundings. The city may be noisy and crowded, but the country is unknown territory. Youth may be eager to move out and try something new, but most old people are in no mood for experiment and change.

Even if your parents are comfortably settled, that's only half the problem solved. Just because they have a roof over their heads, they aren't going to be happy, contented human beings. They still crave love and friendship and family fun. They like to know what their children are up to: whether their married daughter has a new permanent, or their son has had a promotion, or their favorite grandchild has come down with mumps. It's hard to lose interest in a child one has brought up from the cradle, and it hurts older folks to be ignored—even in little things that seem unimportant to the people who are doing them. A mother is a mother, and there's probably nobody else in the world who cares about you—not even your husband or your wife—the way she cares. You may think you're saving her from worry by not telling her you've got a touch of the flu; actually, you're depriving her of one of her rights—the right to be concerned with the welfare of her children, no matter how old and responsible they actually are. And as for your children and their activities, well, they're her grandchildren, and what are grandparents for if not to cherish the young fry? Grandma and Grandpa should be very real people to their children's children.

Many young couples, realizing the needs of their older folk, seek ways in which they can keep up a close—but not too close—relationship. One couple, for instance, makes a habit of inviting their parents and in-laws over for Sunday dinner on alternate weeks, and keeps the date religiously.

Another couple, with only one set of in-laws to accommodate, takes the children to supper at Grandmother's house on Wednesday, and invites Grandmother over for her favorite Friday-night television show, complete with refreshments. Some young people watch for interesting shows that are coming to town, and buy an extra ticket for Grandma or Grandpa—or both—as a matter of course. Others, with less

Spring in Italy

... The marvellous re-awakening of nature in her cities, glittering gems in the history of art.
— Considerable reductions on train fares for parties, or for individual tickets on round trips — Petrol coupons at reduced prices for foreign tourists.

Information from:
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International Aviation Bldg.,
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STOP

DID YOU SEE
all the pretty nylon
things in my column
on page 4? They're
easy-to-look-at and
easy-living too!

Yours
NANCY NYLON
NYS-6-S

THE SOLE OF ECONOMY

CAT-TEX

BY CAT'S PAW

"at all fine shoe repairers"

African Violets

Grow these lovely and fascinating plants from seed with variations of form and color in most every planting. Send \$1.00 for packet of seed and complete easy to follow directions. Plant now.

FREE BIG 164 PAGE SEED AND NURSERY BOOK FOR 1954

113W

DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

NOW! non-shrinkable wool sweaters



with St. Michael's new

finish!

Exclusively St. Michael's, new "Z"-finish imparts cashmere fineness to these 100% pure Botany wool sweaters and prevents shrinkage. They'll be the pets of your sweater wardrobe... weightless as spun sugar candy and every bit as colourful!

Treat yourself to St. Michael sweaters in new sun-kissed spring shades.

LOOK FOR THE "Z"-FINISH STRING TAG AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

THE BEST OF BRITISH

How to be Fitted Comfortably in your brassiere

It's worth a lot to get a comfortable brassiere—so be sure to get the right size. Your trained corsetiere will measure you around the diaphragm. Add 6" and you have your brassiere size. Say you measure 28"—add 6", and your size is 34. If you measure an odd size and you like your brassiere snug, try the next size smaller. If you like it loose, try the next size larger.

Most brassiere cups are sized A, B and C—"A" being the smallest. Your corsetiere can best tell you which of these sizes you need. The



Measuring



Pull down in back

cup size is right when the bra rests close to the body at the breastbone. When you put your brassiere on, be sure that it is pulled down in back to follow the bra's natural cut. If you don't it may gap at the armpits. Adjust the shoulder straps comfortably. When you try on a "Perma-lift" Bra the support comes from the base of the bra cups and not from tight shoulder straps. If you follow these simple steps, you'll get more bra comfort than you've ever had before.

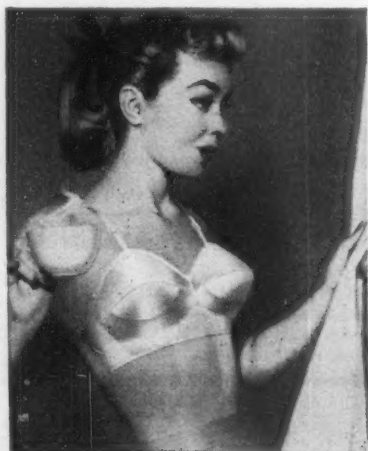


Tight straps



The Magic inset

A "Perma-lift" Brassiere has one very important feature—the patented Magic Insets at the base of each cup. They support your breasts from below—and, neither washing nor wearing will ever affect their uplift. "Perma-lift" Brassieres are priced from \$1.50 to \$9.00



money to spend, confine their gifts and thoughts to simpler things, like a Sunday-afternoon drive in the winter, a picnic in the summer. Nobody with any sentiment in his soul leaves the older folks alone on birthdays or meaningful holidays like Easter or Thanksgiving or Christmas. And there's always the telephone for a friendly call to make sure all's well on other days.

If your parents and in-laws have little or no money—and far too many older folks are in that unhappy situation—living apart is a real problem. Many aged people have literally nothing in the world but their forty-dollar-a-month old-age pension, which commences, after a means test, when they reach the age of sixty-five, and is available to all at seventy. Others have a slightly larger monthly income, plus a couple of hundred dollars in the bank saved up for their funeral expenses. What can you, a conscientious son or daughter, do to help your older folks live a good life on this kind of money?

☆ ☆ ☆

RENAISSANCE

By Eileen Cameron Henry

When I have been long dead, and others stray
New from the earth, I shall not ask of war,
Nor warring men, nor shall I bar their way
With questing after life, the once loved core
Of all. Their robes I catch with eager hands:
Is spring the same, what of the daffodil,
Do iris blue the marsh, the tidal lands,
Are grasses green along the upland hills?
And what of trees, do they in beauty grow —
I loved the maple once, the thin, new leaf
All lovely green — and this I, too, must know,
Do robins sing of love beyond belief?
For thus the dead, dust in the womb of earth,
Remember spring as promise of rebirth.

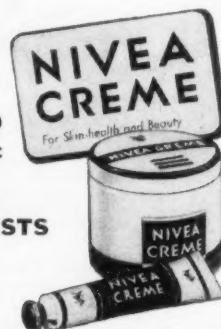
☆ ☆ ☆

Unfortunately, your planning is hampered by the fact that apart from a few isolated, small-scale projects widely scattered across the country, Canada is lagging when it comes to providing attractive, low-cost, apartment-type or cottage-style housing for its older citizens. Bachelor units in regular apartment houses are scarce and prohibitively expensive. Public institutions (many of them excellent, some of them not so good) are crowded, and most have long waiting lists. In small towns the situation is not nearly so bad as it is in large cities, where the whole problem is apt to resolve itself into one question: Which rooming house (or guest home) is your parent going to live in?

This being the problem, the best thing you can do is to supplement their meagre income with as sizeable a monthly donation as you can. Even ten or twenty dollars a month may mean the difference between a back bedroom on the third



Winter's winds deprive the skin of some of the natural oils. But, rich, velvety, nourishing Nivea Creme, containing Eucerite (closely resembling the skin's natural oils) penetrates deep into the underlying tissues. Keep the skin soft and supple. Nivea also soothes chapped hands and lips.



JAR \$1.10
TUBE 63c

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Made in Canada

NIVEA PHARMACEUTICALS LTD.

Life was never such FUN before!

Now she's sought after, invited everywhere, enriched with the glow of health that excites admiration. What a difference from that pale, listless, anemic, lonely girl. You too can be happy, peppy, popular. If you always feel tired, run-down—do what happy thousands now do, take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. See if within 30 days, a richer, redder blood doesn't make you a new person, with more bounding energy, better color, new radiance. Start today! Get back "in the pink" with



DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

SAD SUE!

Menstrual Pain

Midol brings faster relief from menstrual suffering—because it acts three ways. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues." Sue now takes Midol at the first twinge of menstrual pain.

GLAD SUE

FOUND OUT ABOUT

MIDOL



floor of a shabby old house downtown and a nicely furnished bed-sitting room in a better neighborhood, with a bit of garden to sit in and an electric plate to cook by. Five dollars a month will buy half a dozen hot dinners in a nice restaurant. A two-dollar bill will buy streetcar tickets so that a person can go to church and put a little something in the collection plate. If there are several of you children to contribute, your problem is simplified. An only child, or the only one of several children with a conscience, may find it extremely difficult to do anything really worthwhile in the way of ready cash.

There are other things you can do. You can, for instance, go around with your elderly mother or father (or you can go alone, on their behalf) and try to find a room that is the best value for the money. You'll probably get an unpleasant shock as you discover what is and isn't available in our larger cities for elderly people. For instance, in places like Toronto, many landladies flatly refuse to consider elderly roomers, for fear they'll get sick and be on their hands permanently. Others sullenly accept six or seven dollars a week for a small room on the top floor, on the condition that the roomer observe a long string of Don'ts (Don't Cook in Your Room . . . Don't Entertain in Your Room . . . Don't Take More Than One Bath a Week and Be Out of the Bathroom in Fifteen Minutes).

There are happier houses, of course, but they need looking for. You can help your parent by introducing yourself to the landlady and assuring her that you are sincerely interested in your mother's (or father's) comfort and welfare, and that she can call on you if your parent takes sick or needs help of any kind. If she realizes that your older folks are not destitute or alone in the world she is likely to have far more concern for their welfare.

Once your folks have moved into their room, you can tactfully present them with some comforts: a warm blanket, maybe, or a cheerful picture, a good lamp, a firm cushion, a footstool. If they're too independent to accept such offerings outright, wrap them up and call them birthday presents.

If your parents or in-laws (especially a single one of them, living alone) are healthy and active, it is more than ever important that they should find work or recreation to fill in the long days. Finding work isn't easy. Still, many older people have located jobs, or part-time jobs, as housekeepers, office help, practical nurses, or baby sitters. Day-time baby-sitting is particularly suited to older people who may not want to be out on the streets at night. In a "sheltered workshop" in Toronto (unfortunately the only one of its exact kind in Canada) fifty women between the ages of sixty and ninety spend a specified number of hours each day sewing and mending, chatting over their work, and stopping at noon for a hot meal and a good cup of tea, served right in the workshop dining room. "I used to sit in my room and play the radio and talk to myself all day," one of them recently confided to a social worker. "Now I have friends. Those lonely days are over and gone." Another chimed in, "My family are delighted that I found this job by myself and have hung onto it. I think I've gone up in their estimation."

Tell your parents about the National Employment Service's counselors, who will discuss possible employment with them; encourage them to drop in at one of the many recreational clubs that are specially set up for older people in Canada today—and then step out of the picture and give them a chance to make up their own minds what they want to do. They will anyway, you know. A doctor who had studied four hundred and fifty centenarians during his career reported, "Most of them have

definite plans for the future, a very real interest in public affairs, strong enthusiasms, hobbies, a sense of humor, good appetite and a strong resistance to strain, disease and injuries. They are mentally healthy and optimistic."

People like this, with a bit of financial encouragement and pleasant companionship, can live a fairly good life no matter how old they are. Many of them, given a chance, are more vigorous than some people half their age. Nobody has to feel sorry for them. They have the same

spirit as an old lady my family knew when I was a little girl. Her name was Miss St. Denis, and she traveled to Egypt when she was eighty-five years old and sent us a picture of herself perched high on a camel's back. She was accompanied on her trip by a friend called Amelia, but Amelia wouldn't get up on the camel.

"I'm so ashamed of Amelia," Miss St. Denis wrote on her postcard. "Imagine being afraid of a camel! And Amelia's only seventy-eight!" +



"Don't Be Silly, Sidley... It's Flo-glaze **ODORLESS!**"

(WITH 1322 COLORS IN 8 FINISHES)

Here at last is complete freedom from strong, "painty" fumes that force you to leave windows open, eat out, or sleep in another room. Wonderful new odorless FLO-GLAZE Colorizer Paints make painting a pleasure! And only FLO-GLAZE Colorizer also offers you a choice of almost every color imaginable, in eight different paints — from flat to high gloss for walls, ceilings, woodwork, floors or furniture. Improved ingredients, including Alkyd, make new Flo-Glaze Colorizer paints easier to use, more durable than ever before.

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Flo-glaze

Colorizer PAINTS

ODORLESS ALKYD

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Chatelaine Recipe of the Month

† CHICKEN-RICE AND GREEN BEAN CASSEROLE

<i>2 1/4 cups cooked rice (1 package quick-cooking rice)</i>	<i>1 can (1 1/4 cups) condensed cream of chicken soup</i>
<i>2 cups cooked and seasoned green beans (1-inch lengths)</i>	<i>1 teaspoon salt</i>
<i>1 cup milk</i>	<i>1/4 teaspoon pepper</i>
	<i>1 cup grated nippy Canadian cheddar</i>
	<i>Paprika</i>

Mix together all ingredients except cheese. Pour into a well-greased 2-quart casserole or individual casseroles. Sprinkle cheese over the top. Sprinkle well with paprika. Bake in a moderate (350 deg. F.) oven 35-40 minutes. Serve hot. Makes 8 servings.

Note: Other cream soups may be substituted for cream of chicken.

COOKING DOUBLE

Continued from page 23

custards, waffles and so on. Half a package of prepared pudding is just right for two and the other half can wait a while. Half a cake recipe or cake mix may be quite enough at one time. Small pie tins make it possible to have variety in pastry desserts. With a biscuit mix you can make individual shortcakes in strawberry season. Several two-serving steamed fruit puddings may be cooked at one time and tucked away for serving later. A favorite sauce may be made and stored in a closed jar.

Small quantities may be a nuisance if you've been accustomed to cooking for a big family. But with a home freezer or a big freezing compartment in the refrigerator, you can keep right on cooking big. Freeze the surplus, and second—or third—appearance can be delayed almost indefinitely.

How to Buy

Storage space and how far you live from your store will help you decide how often to shop for food. In most cases a weekly visit to the market will buy all your supplies except fresh milk, seasonal specialties and perhaps bread, although you can keep bread beautifully fresh in the refrigerator if there is room.

From the planned menus, make out a shopping list, check the staples or, better still, keep a pad near the cupboard where you can jot down any item as soon as you see the supply getting low. Then armed with the list and an open mind, go do your shopping. The open mind helps you make quick changes in your menus when you see a special on beef kidney or a fresh and plentiful supply of new spring rhubarb.

The same rules for selecting good quality foods apply whether you're buying for two or twenty. But careless buying costs even more when quantities are small—the percentage of waste is higher.

For a list of amounts to buy for two see page 56.

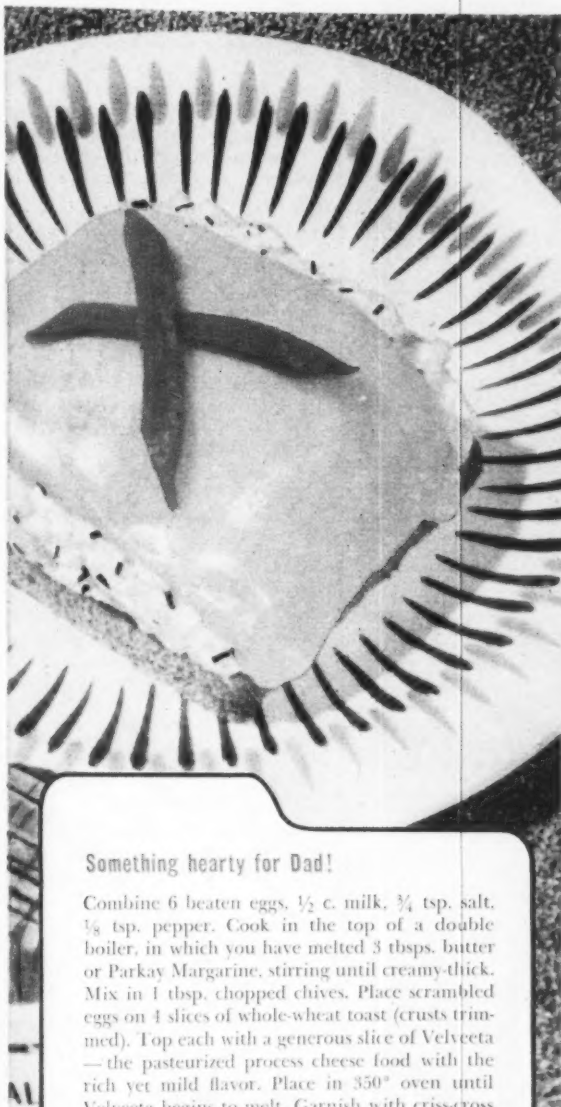
Ways to Cook

An important part of meal preparation is to store your supplies properly as soon as you get them home. Remove wrappings from meat and store in the refrigerator uncovered or loosely covered to allow air circulation. Trim and wash salad greens before storing in the crisper—this saves space now and time later. Empty staples into their respective containers, stack frozen foods in the freezing compartment and arrange canned and packaged foods on their shelves in such a way that what was already on hand will be used first.

Proper cooking utensils make cooking for two very much easier. Get the smaller sizes when you're equipping your kitchen or replacing the worn, larger pots you used when the whole family was eating at home. There are time- and fuel-saving practices too which are made to order for small family meals. Complete oven meals are perfectly suited to small-quantity cookery and often food can be cooked right in the serving dishes to save clean-up time.

The pressure cooker is a blessing to couples who work, although it may take a little time to get used to this speedy method of cooking. In a very

Get protein-rich VELVEETA for these thrifty Lenten dishes



Something hearty for Dad!

Combine 6 beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. milk, $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. pepper. Cook in the top of a double boiler, in which you have melted 3 tbsps. butter or Parkay Margarine, stirring until creamy-thick. Mix in 1 tbsp. chopped chives. Place scrambled eggs on 4 slices of whole-wheat toast (crusts trimmed). Top each with a generous slice of Velveeta—the pasteurized process cheese food with the rich yet mild flavor. Place in 350° oven until Velveeta begins to melt. Garnish with criss-cross strips of pimento.



Treat for three.

Beat 3 egg yolks, add salt and pepper, and fold into 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Make 3 individual omelets by pouring the mixture in 3 portions on hot, well-greased griddle. Cook slowly till firm. Place in 300° oven a few minutes to dry the tops. Lay slices of Velveeta on half of each omelet; return them to oven just long enough to melt Velveeta. Fold, garnish with watercress.



Do you get kind of stuck for ideas during Lent? Here are *three* grand main dishes for you... to give menus a fresh twist, to save you some money, to help you with Lent! And besides being wonderful eating, every single portion you serve is rich in excellent food values. When you shop, be sure to get the *quality* cheese food... Velveeta, made by Kraft.

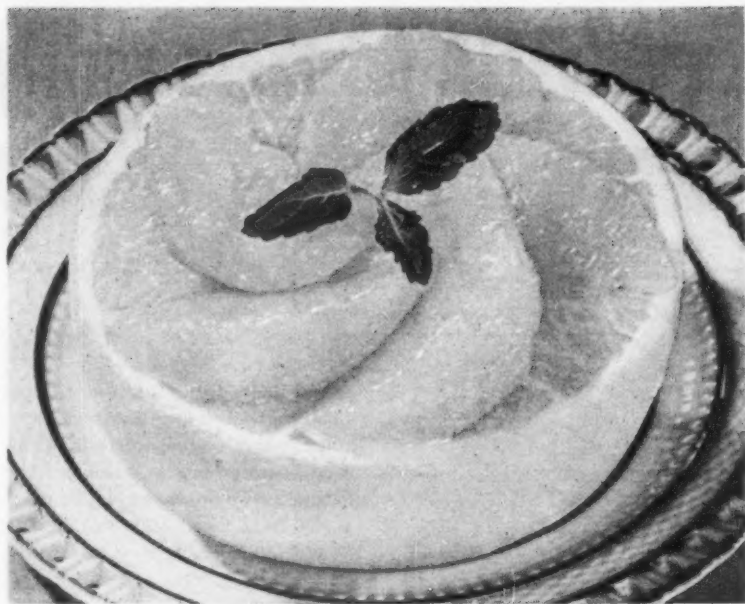


In economical 2-lb. pack, as well as 1-lb. and $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. sizes.

Youngsters' Special.

Cut $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of Velveeta from 2 lb. loaf and let it stand a while at room temperature. Cream it in a bowl with a spoon. Blend in 2 tbsps. of Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. Blend in $\frac{1}{2}$ c. of chopped raisins. Spread generously on whole-wheat bread, for sandwiches. Cut into quarters. Delicious, with rich yet mild Velveeta—the cheese food that's digestible as milk itself!

CANADA'S MOST POPULAR CHEESE... Velveeta MADE ONLY BY Kraft



*Feel lighter...
feel brighter!*

Choose **GRAPEFRUIT**
for dessert!



Refill empty grapefruit shells with scooped-out sections and cubed orange gelatin made from orange juice and unflavored gelatin. Use non-caloric sweetener. (Your grocer has it.)

Freeze can of citrus salad (orange and grapefruit sections mixed), serve spooned over berries or fruit.

If dessert time's a struggle between your sweet tooth and your conscience, tempt yourself with these luscious *light* desserts, made with Florida Grapefruit. Thin-skinned Florida Grapefruit is popping full of tangy, tart-sweet juice and is an excellent dietary source of Vitamin C.

"C" is one vitamin your body doesn't store. That's why it's a wise plan to get a daily supply to help maintain energy and resistance to infection. The natural fruit sugars of Florida grapefruit give you quick energy, too — and half a grapefruit adds only 50 to 75 calories!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA.



Canned Florida grapefruit juice is handy, economical way to get "C". Fresh tasting, too!



Fresh Florida grapefruit are famous for thinner skins outside, more juicy sections inside.



Canned Florida grapefruit sections are ready to use in salads, fruit cups. Keep a few tins handy.



Fresh frozen concentrated juice — just add water, stir. Store in freezing compartment.

FLORIDA Grapefruit
The Bracer Fruit

few minutes you can whip up a Swiss steak, stewed chicken, braised spare-ribs, baked beans—savory dishes which would have taken Grandmother all day to prepare.

Ordinary top-stove cooking has its short-cuts too—a very important point when a two-plate burner is the only means of cooking. Vegetables can be bubbling in the lower section of the double boiler while a pudding or a sauce is a-making up above. Rolls can be warmed in a covered dish set over the simmering soup kettle. Two vegetables can often be cooked in one saucepan

—potatoes and onions, for example, or carrots and parsnips.

Desserts will likely have to be prepared ahead of time. But that's easy—serve molded jellies, ice-box desserts, cornstarch puddings, stewed fruits, tapioca cream and leave your burners free for the rest of the dinner.

Most recipes are planned to serve four to six people but they can be cut quite successfully in most cases. It is a good idea to jot down the reduced measurements in the margin of the cook book so you won't have to do arithmetic every time you start to cook.

MENU SUGGESTIONS FOR TWO

Special-occasion Dinner (illustrated)

Oven-fried Chicken Legs
Fluffy Rice
Diced Baked Carrots Spinach
Molded Tomato Salad on Curly Endive
Cream-filled Sponge Drops,
Cherry Garnish
Coffee

With a Pressure Cooker

Swiss Steak
Whole Potatoes, Carrots and Onions
Ice Cream Chocolate Sauce
Nut Cookies
Coffee

Stewed Chicken with Dumplings
Frozen Peas Cole Slaw
Prune Whip
Plain Cake
Coffee

Quick Tricks

Salmon and Mushroom Ramekins
(canned salmon, mushroom soup)
Buttered Rice (quick type)
Canned or Frozen Asparagus
Canned Pears with Sliced Orange
Vanilla Wafers
Coffee

Oven Dinners

Stuffed Pork Chops
Baked Potatoes
Corn and Lima Bean Casserole
Scalloped Tomatoes
Tossed Green Salad
Chilled Grapefruit Halves
Cookies
Coffee

Tomato Juice
Baked Ham Slice
Scalloped Potatoes Glazed Carrots
Celery Curls
Fresh Rhubarb Crisp
Coffee

Hot-plate Specials

Savory Beef Stew with Vegetables
Lettuce Wedges Roquefort Dressing
Sliced Oranges with Coconut
Crisp Wafers
Coffee

Grapefruit Juice
Italian Spaghetti
Hard Rolls
Fresh Fruit Cup
Angel Cake (bought)
Coffee

TWO-IN-ONE DESSERTS

Today

Applesauce
Stewed Apricots
Stewed Prunes
Canned Fruit
Cottage Pudding (with sauce)
Sponge Cake
Vanilla Pudding
Hot Biscuits
(with maple syrup)
Rice Pudding

Later

Apple Custard Cream
Apricot ice-box dessert
Prune Whip
Jellied Fruit, whipped cream
Frosted Cake
Trifle
Fruit Cream Tarts
Individual Fruit Shortcakes
Pineapple Delight (chilled rice,
pineapple and whipped cream)

AMOUNTS TO BUY FOR TWO

Main Courses

Minute steaks	2
Club steaks	2
T-Bone steak	1 (about 1-inch thick)
Chops	2 (large) or 4 (small)
Ham slice	1 (½- to 1-inch thick)
Sausages	½ pound
Liver	½ to ¾ pound
Hamburger	½ to ¾ pound
Stewing meat	1 pound (approx.)
Spare ribs	1½ to 2 pounds
Tenderloin (pork)	1
Broiler	1½ to 2 pounds (split)
Fish fillets	¾ pound (approx.)
Fish steaks	¾ to 1 pound

Vegetables

Asparagus	1 to 1½ pounds
Beans (green or yellow)	½ to ¾ pound
Broccoli	¾ to 1 pound
Cabbage (for cooking)	¾ pound (approx. 4 cups shredded)
Cabbage (for salad)	½ pound (approx. 2½ cups shredded)
Carrots	½ pound
Cauliflower	1 small head
Mushrooms	¼ to ½ pound
Onions	½ to ¾ pound
Parsnips	¾ pound
Peas	1 to 1½ pounds (unshelled)
Potatoes	1 pound (approx.)
Spinach	1 pound
Turnips	¾ pound

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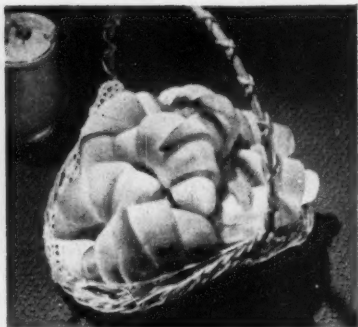
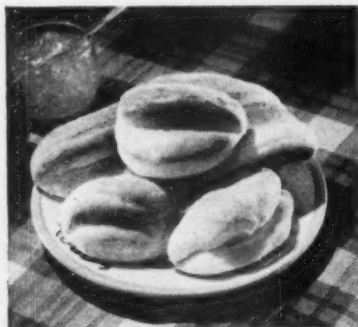
"Rice Krispies" is a trademark of the Kellogg Co. of Canada, Ltd., for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

Folks never seem to agree whether a picture like this is worth 1,000 words, or 10,000. We're not sure either--but as long as three of the words are "Snap! Crackle! Pop!" we won't quibble. Of course these words are part of every Kellogg's Rice Krispies picture because they're what the world's only talking cereal says to tell you how crisp it is. When you hear 'em, you can figure on some wonderful eating. So as Confucius didn't say: "Why put off for two morrows, what you can enjoy tomorrow?"



"snap!" "crackle!" "pop!"

4 delicious treats ...make them from One Basic Dough!



It's amazingly simple with wonderful active dry yeast!

If you bake at home, find out the wonderful things you can do with Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast! Serve fragrant rolls or fancy breads in variety from a single dough! Always get Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast — it stays fresh in your cupboard, and acts fast in your dough!



Needs no
Refrigeration

BASIC ROLL DOUGH

Scald

- 1 cup milk
- 5 tablespoons granulated sugar
- 2½ teaspoons salt
- 4 tablespoons shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a large bowl

½ cup lukewarm water

- 1 teaspoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

- 1 envelope Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well; stir in cooled milk mixture and

½ cup lukewarm water

Stir in

- 3 cups once-sifted bread flour
- and beat until smooth and elastic; work in
- 3 cups more (about) once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 4 equal portions and finish as follows:

1. PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board to ¼-inch thickness; cut into rounds with 3-inch cutter; brush with melted butter or margarine. Crease each round deeply with dull side of knife, a little to one side of centre; fold larger half over smaller half and press along the fold. Place, just touching each other, on greased cookie sheet. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 6 rolls.

2. CLOVER LEAF ROLLS

Cut one portion of dough into 8 equal-sized pieces; cut each piece into 3 little pieces. Shape each little piece of dough into a ball and brush with melted butter or margarine; arrange 3 balls in each greased muffin pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

3. FAN TANS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a rectangle a scant ¼-inch thick; loosen dough, cover and let rest 5 minutes. Brush dough with melted butter or margarine and cut into strips 1½ inches wide. Pile 7 strips one upon the other and cut into 1½-inch lengths. Place each piece, a cut side up, in a greased muffin pan; separate the slices a little at the top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

4. CRESCENT ROLLS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a 14-inch round; brush with melted butter or margarine and cut into 12 pie-shaped wedges. Roll up each wedge of dough, beginning at the outside and rolling toward the point. Arrange, well apart, on greased cookie sheet; bend each roll into a crescent shape. Brush with melted butter or margarine and sprinkle with salt. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 12 rolls.

THAT SPECIAL MAGIC

Continued from page 15

to be and his blue jeans needed patching on one knee. But as he looked at her his frown faded and his eyes crinkled at the corners. "It was really something. Coppery hair and slinky shadows, all sort of framed by that little clump of bushes." He let out his breath in a sound that was almost a whistle.

Mavis blushed. She shrugged her bare shoulders into a short cotton jacket and began to fasten its buttons across her pinkening midriff.

The young man watched her. "It's a new camera," he offered anxiously. "I just got it." He came over and knelt beside her on the stubby grass. "Look." He held the camera toward her. "A case came with it, too. And two rolls of film." He had a brush of brown hair like a beaver's and his face was too bony.

Drawing her feet up under her on the striped towel, Mavis accepted the camera and gazed solemnly at its shining intricacies.

"It looks like a nice one." She didn't know much about cameras. She handed it back to him. "Does it take good pictures?" The buttons on her jacket were all fastened now.

"I think so. I haven't really taken any yet." When he smiled, he was almost handsome. "I got it to take with me on a trip."

"Oh." She had started to gather up her magazine and sun glasses, but she had a feeling that he wanted her to ask about the trip. Obediently, although she had never seen him until five minutes ago, she did. "Where are you going?"

"To the Caribbean." He pronounced the word proudly and correctly. "I'm planning to take one of those cruises that go down there."

"Oh!" Her voice was so excited that the word was a whole sentence. "When?" Forgetting all about gathering up her belongings, she hugged herself like an enthusiastic child. "When are you going?"

"Next winter, probably." He kept his voice carefully casual but his eyes shone. "Maybe January. But I wanted to have the camera long enough to learn to take really good ones." He looked down at it and then at her again. "I plan to take a lot of pictures."

Leaning toward him, her hands still clasped together, she cried, "But how can you bear to wait that long? How can you bear it?"

"I guess I can stand it all right." Ruefully he grinned at her. "I still have to save part of the money. I figure that's how long it'll take me."

"Gee!"

It was an expression of utter and complete understanding. They were no longer strangers. Suddenly, she knew him so well that it didn't occur to her not to confide her plan so precious she had never before even said the words aloud.

"I'm going, too. I already have almost half the money, and I'm going just as soon as I have enough. Look."

She pulled a thin handful of gaudily illustrated travel folders out of their hiding place in the magazine and spread one of them before him. "Ciudad Trujillo. It used to be Santo Domingo. That's where Columbus..."

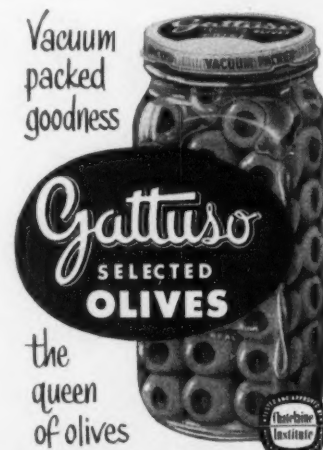


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He sat on the dried grass beside the striped towel and they pored over the folders together. The frowzy back yards of Lanson Street became golden sand and tropic stars.

When she couldn't find the picture of Port-au-Prince, he showed her where it was. She felt oddly proud of that, that he knew the folders as well as or maybe even better than she did. They talked about the things the pictures didn't show: the sudden tropical night and the flying fish and waving, feathery palms above the lush green of island jungles.

When he said, "Look, you're all goose-pimples," she stared at her arms in surprise. Then the crisp brown grass was there again, and the afternoon was gone. Carefully, she put the travel folders back for safe-keeping in the magazine.

"I have a room next door at the Johnsons'." His thumb polished a spot on the camera. "I thought maybe we could talk about it some more after awhile, that is, if you'd want—"

It wasn't until she was sitting on the edge of the bed in her narrow room at the end of Mrs. Perry's back hall, unfastening the straps of her sandals, that she remembered she didn't know his name.

They walked to a cafeteria a few blocks away and had dinner there, carrying their trays to the farthest, quietest table. After they had finished eating, he got extra coffee for them both so that no one would care if they sat longer and talked. They were so young that everything mattered, and wise enough for enchantment.

His name was Paul, Paul Welton. When she told him hers, he said, "Mavis. That's nice. A pretty girl should always have a pretty name."

He was surprised and embarrassed, then, that he'd said it, and she smiled at him, understanding. She wasn't actually pretty, she knew that, but it felt wonderful and warm to have someone say so.

The day after that was a Sunday. When she left Mrs. Perry's to go to

the drugstore for breakfast, Paul came running down the steps of the Johnsons' and joined her. He had brought his new camera along, so after breakfast they took the bus to the city park and got several shots of trees and the winding paths, and then walked up to the zoo and took some of the bears and a fat, friendly squirrel. They laughed a lot, and when their hands accidentally touched, they let them stay that way for a moment longer than they would have needed to.

As they walked back from the zoo, where the path ran along the lake and they could see the top of an apartment house and the thin spire of a church beyond the park, they pretended the path was the Malecon and that they were looking across Havana Harbor at the Morro Castle.

They got steaks and French fries at a diner a block from the park. Mavis told him she was a stenographer in an office downtown, and had come from a little town in New Brunswick. He worked in a bank, he said, and was going to school three nights a week to study accounting. He had lived at the Johnsons' for a week.

They tried to talk about things they had done before yesterday, before he came into Mrs. Perry's back yard, but it wasn't important enough. Right in the middle of a sentence, Mavis forgot what she was saying.

It wasn't dark yet when they left the diner. So, taking their time, pretending the streets were those of whatever West Indies port they happened to think of next, they walked all the way back to the rooming houses. When they reached the steps of Mrs. Perry's, they agreed seriously that it hadn't been as far as some people might think, that it had been fine to be outside on such a warm evening. Paul kissed her goodnight, and for a moment the magic was nearer than the isles of the Caribbean Sea.

After that, they met every morning at the drugstore (she didn't learn for several days that he could have slept in and eaten his breakfast almost an



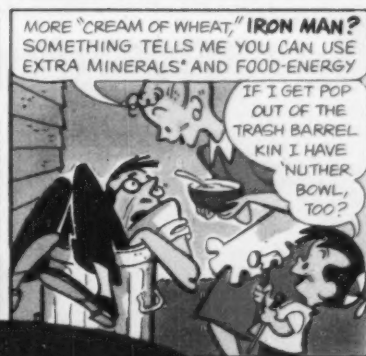
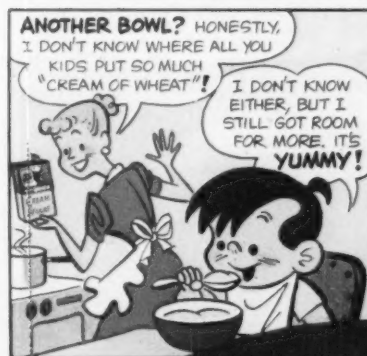
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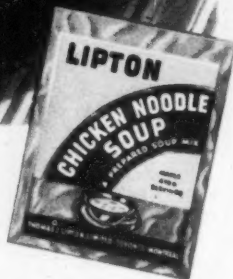
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Lipton Chicken Noodle Soup



Golden chicken broth, with oodles of egg noodles, tender and nourishing. Takes just 7 minutes. Tastes truly delicious because it's real homemade soup!



New Lipton Onion Soup



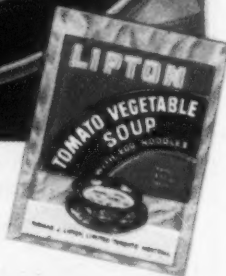
This new addition to the Lipton Soup family boasts a savory beef-flavored stock, tender onions toasted to golden-brown goodness. A robust soup as served in smartest restaurants, yet costs only 4c to 5c a serving. Takes just 10 minutes!



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Tangy broth of red-ripe tomatoes with 6 delicious vegetables, plenty of rich egg noodles. 10 minutes' cooking puts this nourishing soup on your table.



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*Thrifty—convenient
—for real homemade goodness!*

hour later than she did) and on the nights when Paul didn't go to school, they had dinner together at the cafeteria.

On Saturday, they went to the public library. They looked up the last Caribbean issue of Vacation Magazine and spent the afternoon reading it from cover to cover.

Neither of them noticed when they first started saying, "When we go to the Caribbean . . ." It just happened.

The following Tuesday, which was not a school night, as soon as they were settled at their table in the cafeteria, Paul pulled a folder from a steamship company out of his pocket. Turning it wrong side out, he laid it in front of Mavis and pointed to a row of figures.

Looking at her instead of the folder, he asked, "Did you ever notice that?"

The figures stated quite explicitly that staterooms occupied by one person alone were \$775, and if occupied by two, \$1250. Which made six hundred and twenty-five dollars each. One hundred and fifty dollars less apiece.

They stared at each other for a moment. The clattering noises of the cafeteria sounded like the roar of surf pounding against white tropical sand.

Instead of just strolling around before they went home, they walked to the park again and sat on a bench beside the path that was like the Malecon.

Mavis held her purse on her lap and watched her forefinger draw little circles on it. She said softly, "I always thought that was sort of silly, about two being able to live cheaper than one."

"Me, too." Paul had his arm along the back of the bench. His hand touched her shoulder and then drew diffidently away. A few lights from the apartment houses, and a few stars, sparkled in the lake.

"I guess," he began to explain and she knew he had thought it all out, "maybe what it really means is that two people could live together for less than twice as much as it costs them each to live alone. What I mean is, it costs one person who lives alone more than half of what it would cost two people who liked the same things and wanted to live together." His hand touched her again, stayed there, and drew her close. "I mean, take room rent, for instance."

There was no disputing it even if they had tried, and they didn't. And on the following Saturday, when they heard of the two girls who were moving out of Mrs. Perry's big front bedroom, they talked with her about it. The room rented for ten dollars a week. Mavis had been paying six-fifty and Paul had been paying eight. It was proof that they were right. Mrs. Perry was all smiles and motherly little cooings.

They were married at one o'clock on the Saturday after that, in the vestry of the church across from the park. Mrs. Perry and one of the fellows who worked with Paul, Sam Granger, went with them. Afterwards, Sam took them all to lunch at the Dexter Hotel. They didn't need a honeymoon. The Caribbean cruise would come next.

That was the middle of July. Paul's summer classes went on until the middle of August, so Mavis brought a spare typewriter home from the office to the big front bedroom and did some typing on the nights he was away. With the extra money she bought bright flowered

chintz and borrowed Mrs. Perry's sewing machine to make draperies and slip covers for the two chairs in their room. Her mother sent them a combination electric grill and waffle iron for a wedding present, and Paul talked Mrs. Perry into letting them get a coffee pot and some dime-store dishes to make breakfast there.

He got a bookcase from a secondhand store, too, and spent several week ends refinishing it. They both found themselves wanting to hurry home at night and hating to leave in the morning. There was no period of adjustment for them. They were just Mavis and Paul, working together and dreaming the same dream.

They still practiced taking a few pictures with the camera, and in August, after Paul's classes were over for the summer, they began to go for long walks every evening. It was on one of those, while they were wandering up a side street they had never explored before, that they saw the house.

It was late dusk, almost dark, when they saw it, set far back from the street as though the original builder had planned to have a full-sized house in front of it later. It looked like a child's playhouse after the child had grown up and gone. And it had a For Sale sign in front.

Paul said, "That's the littlest house I ever saw," so they went back to look at it. They walked around it and saw that the steps needed mending, but it was too nearly dark to see in the windows.

Paul wanted to go back again the next evening while it was still light enough to see.

All the rooms were tiny, but even then they were larger than the outside led one to believe. The kitchen was the tiniest of all, but the bath had white tile on the floor and there was a real fireplace. The whole house badly needed painting.

"If a person were to knock out the partition between this room and that smallest bedroom and make it all one big room," Paul's voice sounded funny because his nose was pressed against the living-room window. "And then paint the whole thing a good, soft green and put in some modern-looking blond furniture—"

For just one moment, Mavis' heart didn't beat. Then she said lightly, "Sounds mighty expensive, sir."

Paul turned around. "Not so very. Not if you painted the walls yourself and got some of that unfinished furniture and just waxed it—" He saw Mavis' face and stopped.

In a very small voice, she asked, "Paul, would you rather—?"

"No, sir," he said quickly. "Of course not. Not many people get to go to the Caribbean, even once in a lifetime. Why, there are lots of houses."

But as they started to leave he stooped and peered at the For Sale sign. Mavis looked over his shoulder. Someone had written on it with a heavy pencil, "\$1,000 down."

That was the first of September. Their joint bank account showed a total of nine hundred and ten dollars.

Paul didn't say anything more. Once, on the way home, when Mavis pointed out a building she thought looked like the Dutch architecture at Willemstad, he said, "Yeah. It sure does." But

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TENDER LEAF TEA BAGS or
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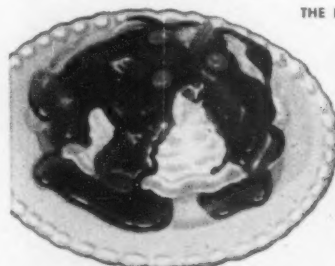
CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT FROSTING

On the special side . . . with luxurious, deep chocolate flavor that's possible only with real chocolate — Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate. Makes something terrific of a simple "mix cake", or any cake!

3 to 4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate	3 cups sifted icing sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla
3 tablespoons butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed peppermint stick candy
	7 tablespoons milk	

Melt chocolate and butter over hot water. Combine sugar, salt, milk and vanilla. Blend. Add melted chocolate and butter; mix well. Fold in crushed peppermint stick candy. Let stand, stirring occasionally, until of spreading consistency. Enough to fill and frost a 9-inch layer cake.

THE BLUE AND YELLOW PACKAGE



Easy . . . Superlative . . .

QUICK CHOCOLATE SAUCE

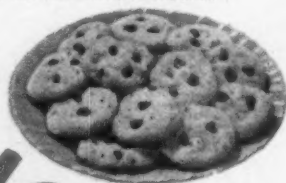
Just melt 4 squares of Baker's Dot Chocolate over boiling water. Add 4 tablespoons butter and blend. Makes $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sauce. Wonderful served hot on all flavors of ice cream, poured over creamy puddings. Dot, the "candy-making chocolate", makes many such delicious chocolate shortcuts possible . . . just as it makes home-made chocolate candies a joy!

THE RED AND YELLOW PACKAGE

Chocolate Trickery

Real trickery here . . . because Baker's Chocolate Chips don't melt in cooking. They're specially processed to keep their firm, delicious crunchiness right through baking. For true chocolate tastiness in your chocolate chip cookies, try the recipe on the Baker's Chocolate Chips package.

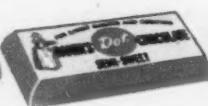
THE CHIPS IN A CARTON



BAKER'S

UNSWEETENED CHOCOLATE
DOT CHOCOLATE
CHOCOLATE CHIPS

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CH-333M

she knew he hadn't noticed which one she meant.

She took his arm. "When we get back, darling, we could start saving again. It doesn't take so very long."

He gathered her hand in his, stuffed it into his jacket pocket, and held it there. "You bet we will," he told her. And he added as they walked on, "It won't take so long."

They each got a small salary raise in October. But Mavis had a severe cold that hung on too long, and Paul was still too thin, so they had to start taking vitamins instead of saving the amount of the raises.

And they had their first quarrel, about whether or not Paul should buy a new overcoat. He didn't want to spend the money, but in the end, Mavis won out. She borrowed Mrs. Perry's sewing machine again and made herself two warm winter dresses. And she began to look at patterns and bright cotton materials because she intended to make the clothes she would need in the Caribbean. Their bank account crept up to a thousand dollars.

Then, in November, Mavis began to have dizzy spells.

She knew it couldn't be anything serious. She had always been perfectly healthy, so she waited a couple of weeks, certain that it was just the aftermath from her cold. Then, when it became more and more difficult to get herself dressed and off to work in the mornings, without having said anything to Paul about it, she went to the doctor.

Paul was waiting for her just inside the cafeteria that evening. He had abandoned his classes for the winter because they would be interrupted by the cruise anyway, so they met for dinner every day. When the weather was bad, he waited inside, and this night was raw and windy, already dark, and too cold to really snow although there were gusts of fine, icy flakes swirling. Oddly, walking against the biting wind seemed to make Mavis feel more like her usual sturdy self, but she understood that now.

After they had finished their dinner and he had brought her a second cup of coffee, she said, "I went to the doctor, Paul. That's why I was late."

Paul waited, his eyes on hers with quick concern.

Quietly, because it was something that must be told and her feelings about it were still so mixed up, she said, "We're going to have a baby, Paul. In the summer. The doctor was sure."

She didn't know what she had expected of him then, but she was totally unprepared for the look on his face, the glow that spread slowly as he understood until all of his features seemed actually altered, perfected somehow, by it.

"Well," he said. "Well." He grinned broadly and then, watching her face, brought the smile under control but not the brightness in his eyes.

"Paul." She had to look away from the wonderful, radiant happiness she couldn't, at least at that moment, share. "Paul, it sort of changes things, doesn't it?"

He said again, "Well—" and some of the brightness, but only some of it, faded.

She leaned toward him. "Paul, we ought to go right away, now, and not wait. If we wait, and then the baby comes, we—Paul, we'll be just like all

the people who never, ever in their lives—"

She didn't have to say any more. They both knew. Paul didn't use cream or sugar, but he picked up a spoon and began to stir his coffee.

"We lack two hundred and fifty dollars." His grin came back, but on only one side of his mouth. "Two hundred and forty. I've got ten."

"I'll write Dad." Mavis said it rapidly so that she couldn't think about the quick tightening of Paul's face, the gradual fading of the look of utter delight. "He'll loan us the money. I know he will. He'll understand, and we can start saving when we get back."

"No," Paul watched the coffee swirl around in his cup, then looked at her. "We couldn't do that."

"Please, Paul. It would be just a loan. We could have it all paid back before the baby comes, and enough saved up for the—baby."

When her voice broke something caught in his throat. She had never asked him for anything before, didn't even know how to coax very well. He had never seen her cry, and now her eyes sparkled with unshed tears.

Gruffly, he said, "How could your father understand, living in a small town where probably no one ever—"

"But he will, Paul. I'll explain it. I know he will."

Paul placed the spoon carefully in his saucer. The Caribbean cruise was more than just a trip. It was part of their marriage. What if they lost it, never had it at all? What if the baby came, and others later, so that all of her life Mavis would be tied down with them, and never have anything but taking care of them, and working, getting middle-aged and tired.

He said gently, "All right, sweetheart. It's only two hundred and fifty dollars. And we can pay it back the very first thing."

Her father sent the cheque right away, but he didn't seem to understand very well after all. Mavis hadn't told him about the baby, and his letter sounded confused. When she got home from work at noon the following Saturday, it was there, lying by itself on Mrs. Perry's battered hall table.

"I don't want to say it sounds foolish," her father had written. "Maybe it's important to you kids for some reason I don't know. Anyway, there's no hurry about paying back the money. I'd be a poor father if I wouldn't help my only chick . . ." and so forth.

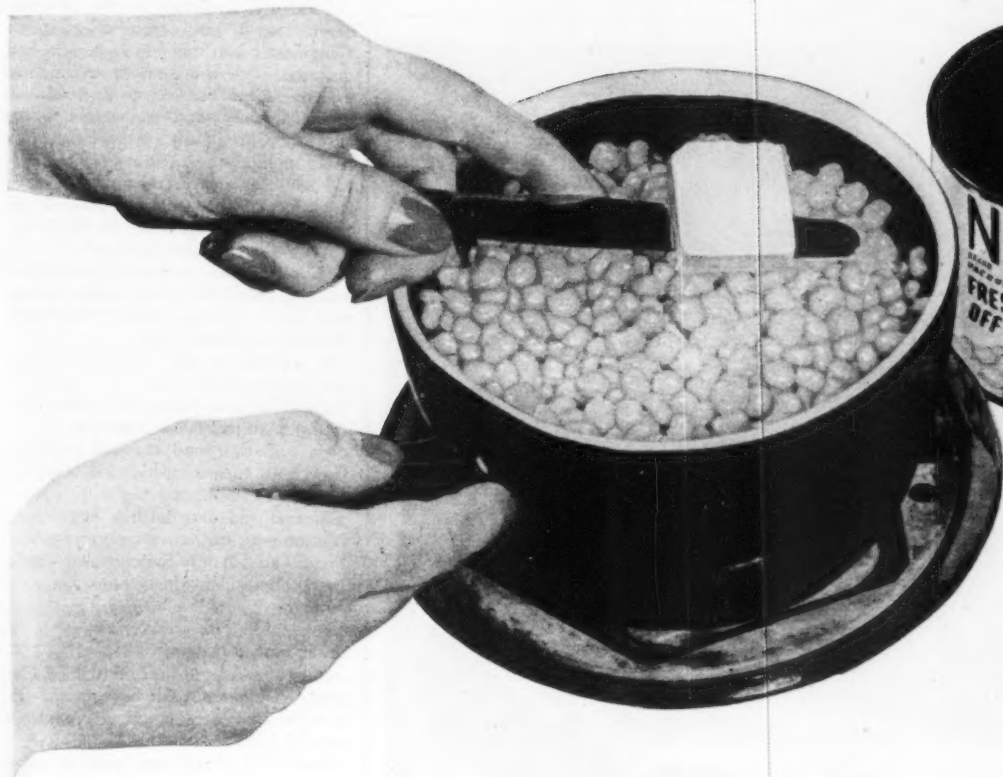
She showed the letter to Paul when he came home. He said only, "I wish I knew him. Your dad, I mean." He didn't look at the cheque.

The travel office would be closed. They had walked past and stared at the window posters often enough on Saturday afternoons to know that. So there wasn't anything they could do about making the reservations until Monday and now, after all the weeks and months of waiting, two useless days stretched ahead, an interminable vacuum.

Feeling oddly unexcited, Mavis got out a sundress she had been making. She found she would have to alter it slightly. Paul had been working on a secondhand chest of drawers he was refinishing. The wood, where he had scraped off all the garish layers of chipped paint, had turned out to be solid mahogany.

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Look for the Green Giant on the label
The genial Green Giant with his armload of corn (or peas) is a symbol of tenderness and delicate flavor. Look for him on the label and follow his heating directions on this page.

1. Put it on

Pour the contents of the can into a saucepan. Add a pat of butter. Place over medium heat. Stir several times. Don't overcook.

2. Take it off

By the time butter is melted (4 to 5 minutes), corn will be piping hot. Season, and serve in a hot dish. (By quick heating, you keep the fresh corn flavor, retain the natural tenderness of the thin skins, and preserve vitamin C.)

If you love that man, lady, serve him Niblets Brand whole kernel corn—and serve it right.

The tender kernels have already been cooked for you. All they need is quick heating. This keeps the tenderness of the delicate skins. It keeps also the succulent flavor of this extra-special corn grown from a special breed (D-138, exclusive with us) and packed very young at "the fleeting moment of perfect flavor."

Follow the simple directions here (and on the back of the label) and be reminded of golden days on the farm.



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Also packers of Green Giant Brand Peas,
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NIBLETS BRAND WHOLE KERNEL CORN

Packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor

But today he didn't work on the chest. He looked at it standing there in the corner, then he got out the travel folders. He spread them on the bed, then gathered them back into a neat pile and put the rubber band around them. He wandered up and down the room, then stood and looked out the window at the day-old snow.

Mavis had been watching him. She folded the half-finished dress, patted it flat, and asked, "Want to walk to the park?"

They had walked past the little house many times since September. Although they hadn't talked about it again, once they had gone up and sat down on the front steps and Paul held her hand. Now, when they came to the corner, without saying anything at all, they both turned toward it.

Because snow covered the broken steps and made a smooth, white cap for the roof, the house looked different, more snug and less abandoned. But the sidewalk hadn't been shoveled off

and the wide, unbroken stretch of white before the house gave it an unreal, far-away appearance. The For Sale sign was still there.

Mavis tried to think about the cruise ship and whether she should take one warm dress, but she kept seeing smoke coming out of the stubby brick chimney, drifting straight upward until it vanished. The windows should have ruffled white curtains, tied back so that from the outside you could see the rosy reflection of the fire. Or would draperies,

bright, splashy chintz, be better? A man might like draperies, and they wouldn't show grubby, small finger-marks.

She turned to him. "Paul—" She stopped because she had never seen his face like that before, held stiff and hard and almost angry. He was staring at the house. Then she saw what he was looking at. The smoke coming out of the chimney was real.

In a new, brittle voice, Paul said, "They ought to take down the For Sale sign."

Suddenly, it seemed to her that the smoke was a sign of something, something lost. But the house still looked deserted, with the curtainless windows and the unbroken stretch of snow.

She frowned and shook her head. "But there aren't any tracks, Paul. How could anybody be—"

For just a heartbeat Paul's face brightened. Then the tight look returned. "Probably went in the back. There's a back door, you know."

His voice was cross and they looked at each other. And then, hand in hand, they were tiptoeing around the house. Because they had to know.

A man's voice said, "Hey! You two want something?"

They had just found the tracks that led from an old coupe standing in the alley, and they had stopped to stare. They both turned slowly, half guiltily, toward the voice.

A small old man with a large cigar was standing in the doorway, watching them. Old. It was somehow all wrong that the house should belong to a little old man.

Paul said, "No, sir. We just—well—" Mavis moved closer to him.

"Just looking around, huh?" The man was looking Paul over, sizing up his shoes and his new overcoat and his year-old hat.

Paul said, "Well, yes, sir," because there was no use denying it.

The man flipped ashes into the snow. "Want to see the inside? My God, it's cold. Come on in."

Mavis and Paul glanced at each other. Paul looked eager and reluctant at the same time. It didn't occur to either of them to refuse.

Except for the crackling fire in the fireplace, the house was perfectly empty. The man walked through it ahead of them, saying things like, "Kitchen. Not very big. Living room, not bad, needs some paint though. Two nice little bedrooms. Mother Goose wallpaper in here. Folks must have had a child. Bath off the hall, better than having it in between." He sounded proud of it. He seemed to just be there looking around, maybe getting ready to move in.

He didn't linger in any of the rooms, just walked through them all and back to the fireplace, so Mavis and Paul didn't have a chance to stop and talk and think about it. Somehow, they managed to see everything anyway. And they had to do that much, even if it did already belong to someone.

Impatiently then, the man stood in front of the fireplace and chewed on his cigar, waiting for them to leave.

Paul said, "Well, thank you, sir. It's a good house."

"Sure," the man said. "Sure."

They all walked through the kitchen toward the back door. Mavis kept thinking about that living room with

it's **B.C. Newtown time**

sweet-ripe and juicy —
Delightfully different in appearance and flavour, B.C. Newtowns are now at their crisp and juicy best... wonderful for eating fresh... tops for every apple dessert. Under the green and golden skin is a luscious white flesh — rich and tangy — an exciting, out-of-the-ordinary flavour treat.

Don't let the colour fool you... the B.C. Newtown is one of the rare "green" apples that is fully mature... unsurpassed at this time of year for fresh eating, and in every cooked dish.

See for yourself!... Get B.C. Newtowns today, and enjoy them often... in every way!

B.C. WALDORF SALAD
3 cups unpeeled, sliced apples
1/2 cup seedless raisins
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1 cup diced celery
1/2 cup salad dressing
Combine all ingredients. Let stand in refrigerator for one hour. Serve on lettuce. Serves 8.

B.C. APPLE SLICER
You'll find this stainless steel B.C. Apple corer and slicer a real kitchen helper. Send 25 cents in coin (no stamps please) to B.C. Tree Fruits Ltd., Kelowna, B.C.

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B.C. TREE FRUITS LTD. KELOWNA, B.C.

green walls and a couple of big, soft chairs beside the fireplace, the play-pen maybe in front of it. All the kitchen needed was a stove; you could wait for a refrigerator.

Suddenly, she hated the old man. And his old wife, too, who probably already had everything and wouldn't have to wait at all. Her eyelids stung, and then she couldn't bear it any longer.

Fighting to smile, without looking at the man, knowing that Paul was staring at her, she said, "I hope you'll be very happy here!"

She jerked open the door and ran down the shallow steps and around the house. She stopped when she reached the sidewalk and waited for Paul, and thought hard about Barbados so that she wouldn't cry.

When Paul came, he didn't touch her or try to comfort her, but he stood so that he could see her face. Breathlessly, as if he had been running, too, he said, "He's a real-estate man, honey."

It was important. It was so important that she might have misunderstood.

"What?"

"He's a real-estate man. He just came over to see that everything was all right. He made a fire out of an old box because it was so cold." Paul looked as though, any second, he might laugh out loud at nothing at all. "He's trying to sell the house."

Mavis made a sound that might have been "Oh," or just a shaky little sigh.

It was starting to snow again, soft, whirling flakes. They fell on Paul's shoulders and his hat, each one different, each one beautiful. Through myriads of them, the house was like a picture on a Christmas card, with the warm glow of the fire showing in the window. They stood on the sidewalk for a long time, side by side, and stared.

Dreamily, Mavis said, "It needs curtains. Ruffled white ones. Or drapes, maybe."

Paul looked down at her, his thin young face very still.

"We wouldn't have the cruise," he said carefully. "Not for a long time maybe. Not with a baby. And we'd have to spend your Dad's money for some furniture and stuff."

Mavis took hold of his overcoat with her two hands and shook it a little.

"But we almost lost it, Paul!" she cried. "We could have lost our house!"

Paul said reasonably, "We have to choose. We have to lose either one or the other. Either the house or the cruise to the Caribbean."

She shook her head and smiled as though he were being absent-minded.

"But we've already had it, Paul. The Caribbean, all the special places. And all the wonderful, magic times." He looked at her as if he didn't quite believe, and she took hold of both his arms and hugged him. "Really and truly, Paul. We've always had them, haven't we? Ever since that day?"

He began to nod, slowly, surprised because it was true.

"So which should we have now," she continued, "curtains or bright, splashy drapes?" Her eyes were shining, and she didn't even notice that it was cold. "Tell me, which?"

He loved her so much he couldn't speak. But as soon as he could, he said seriously, "I guess I never really thought much about curtains. Want to go look again while the man's still there?"

Bake it with MAGIC and serve it with pride!

Ginger Cream

DEVIL'S FOOD



GINGER-CREAM DEVIL'S FOOD

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cocoa	3 tps. Magic Baking Powder
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups fine granulated sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking soda
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
2 cups sifted pastry flour or	9 tbsps. butter or margarine
$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted all-purpose flour	2 eggs, well beaten
	$\frac{1}{2}$ tps. vanilla

Grease two 8-inch round layer-cake pans and line bottoms with greased paper. Preheat oven to 350° (moderate). Combine cocoa and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of the sugar in a saucepan; gradually blend in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the milk; bring to the boil, stirring until sugar dissolves; cool thoroughly. Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, baking soda and salt together three times. Cream butter or margarine; gradually blend in remaining $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar. Add well-beaten eggs part at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in cold chocolate mixture. Combine remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk and vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of milk and vanilla and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into prepared pans. Bake in preheated oven 40 to 45 minutes. Cover one layer of cold cake with the following Ginger-Cream Filling; let stand about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour then cover with second cake. When filling is set, top cake (or cover all over) with whipped cream; sprinkle with toasted sliced almonds and chopped ginger and serve immediately. Or cake may be topped with any desired frosting.

GINGER-CREAM FILLING: Scald $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk and 2 tbsps. cut-up preserved or candied ginger in double boiler. Combine $\frac{1}{4}$ cup granulated sugar, $2\frac{1}{2}$ tbsps. corn starch and $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt; slowly stir in milk mixture. Pour back into pan and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until smoothly thickened; cover and cook, stirring occasionally, until no raw flavor of starch remains—about 7 minutes longer. Slowly stir hot mixture into 1 slightly-beaten egg; return to double boiler and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, for 1 minute. Remove from heat; gradually stir in 1 tbsp. butter or margarine and $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. vanilla. Cool this filling thoroughly before spreading on cake.

Sit serene in your accomplishments, Madam! You know the thrilled comments on your cake making are merited—for you planned and baked this magnificent Magic dessert cake *all yourself!* You know its velvet-rich texture and sumptuous flavor will match its triple-toned beauty—thanks to Magic Baking Powder!

Smart cooks wouldn't dream of being without Magic—for that touch of sure perfection in everything they bake. Magic's famed dependability insures your more expensive ingredients—yet costs less than 1¢ per average baking.



*Magic costs less than
1¢ per average baking!*



AN ANCIENT ISLAND ART—CANOE-MAKING. PHOTOGRAPHED IN HAWAII BY ANTON BRUEHL

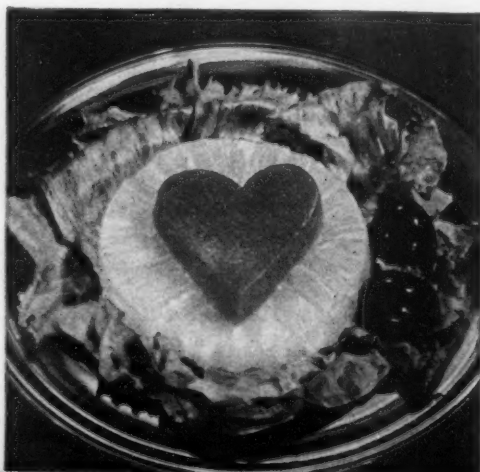
Be sure it's HAWAIIAN—Be sure it's **DOLE**

Your taste tells you there's no pineapple like Hawaiian pineapple—no Hawaiian pineapple like DOLE! Sun-ripe flavor and fragrance remind you, each time you serve it, that DOLE Pineapple grows mellow and rich under Hawaiian skies.

Here's a salad* that's welcome as springtime—sunny DOLE Pineapple Slice on crisp lettuce, with a rosy aspic heart and ripe olives! Try it soon!

*By Patricia Collier, DOLE Home Economist

Be sure to enjoy DOLE frozen-fresh Pineapple Chunks and Concentrated Pineapple Juice, too—at your grocer's now.



READ THIS AND RELAX

Continued from page 19

Once you have learned how to break the tensions which may be interfering with your sleep and your general well-being, as described on page 18, you will want to go a step further. You will want to learn the trick of relaxing not only when you are lying down, but how to stay relaxed during your busy day about the house or office. Physiotherapist Dorothy Clarke Madgett says once you understand the principles of relaxation it's just as easy to relax while sitting, standing or even walking. In fact, Dorothy Madgett, who herself lives one of the busiest lives of any woman in Toronto, hustling between hospitals, the university and her office, says the only chance she gets to practice relaxing is while walking from one appointment to the next.

Once you have practiced the following instructions at home, Dorothy Madgett says you must next learn to remember to pause at intervals during your working day and relax your tensions. She suggests a trick: think over your day and choose reminders—every time you answer the telephone or (if you drive a lot) every time you stop for a traffic light, let this be your signal to take a deep breath—and relax. "This takes no time—just persistence," says Dorothy Madgett, declaring that in this way you will learn to replace the tension habit by the relaxing habit.

How to Relax While Sitting

Sit well back in your chair so that your waist and shoulders are supported by the back. Your hands sit limply in the centre of your lap, palms up, with the fingers gently curled. Move your feet well forward, so the seat of the chair supports your thighs. Now bringing your feet back near the chair, let your knees drop apart. Lift your shoulders up toward your ears and then smoothly let them lower. Breathe in when you lift them up, lower them as you breathe out. To find the correct position for your head—the position of perfect posture—pretend that a string is attached to the top of your head as though you were a marionette. The string is holding your head up and gently stretching you tall. Your face is directed straight ahead, not tipped down so that your chin is pulled in, nor tilted up so that your chin is protruding. The string now begins to lower, allowing your head to fall forward until your chin is near your chest. The muscles down the back of your neck and spine will feel stretched. The string smoothly lifts your head up

an inch or two and lowers it again. Now the string smoothly begins to pull upward until your head sits directly on top of your spine, where it is perfectly balanced. Let your head sway very slightly until you are sure it is loose or balanced.

How to Relax While Standing

To stand in a relaxed way, pull your feet back under the chair, lean well forward and then let the string pull you up into a standing position. Separate your feet slightly for better balance and gently stretch tall into good posture. As the string pulls you up, it decreases the curves in your spine and your chest sits in good alignment over your hips and your head sits in perfect balance on your neck. Do not raise your shoulders, keep them down and relaxed, and let your arms hang limply.

To check your knees, gently press them back and feel your kneecaps tighten. Then let them relax and your kneecaps will feel loose again. Your knees will stay straight even when they are completely relaxed, as they have a natural locking mechanism to prevent fatigue. Your whole body stretches tall, your shoulders and arms remain relaxed, your kneecaps are loose, you breathe easily and deeply. Let your head sway very slightly to be sure it is loose and balanced on your spine.

How to Relax While Walking

The same principle is applied in walking but to walk relaxed we must develop a free swinging gait. The string at the top of your head gently stretches you tall and then begins to move forward fairly quickly, to pull you off balance. Your arms and legs must follow your body and they begin to swing as you step out with an easy stride, as the string continues to move forward at a comfortable but rapid pace. Continue this, checking to see that your arms are relaxed, that your legs are swinging loosely, that your head is sitting up in its proper position and that your whole body feels relaxed as you walk. Keep your eyes directed well ahead and not on the ground in front of you.

The above instructions are highly condensed, from the long-play version of Dorothy Clarke Madgett's record, the Art of Relaxation. On the record Dorothy Madgett of course gives the instructions in detail, and reads them in her remarkable soothing voice that sets the necessary mood for complete relaxation—just as she does the detailed instructions in how to relax lying down (see page 18). For information about ordering Miss Madgett's records, see below. +

How to order "THE ART OF RELAXATION" on a record

Write to Record Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. Enclose money order or cheque (no cash), print name and address clearly, and specify whether you want the

Standard Record (78 rpm)—An exact ten-minute transcription of the instructions on page 18, on a break-resistant twelve-inch record. Sent postpaid... **\$3.00**

Long-play Record (33 rpm)—An expanded fifty-five-minute version covering relaxing while lying down, sitting, standing and walking, transcribed on a plastic record. Sent postpaid... **\$6.00**

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE MRS. GOUZENKO

Continued from page 17

we made and remade our clothes from them. When I was older and a student at the Moscow Architectural Institute I was questioned about my clothes, which were much better than the drab and unstylish ones for sale in the state stores. The authorities were sure I was getting them from abroad."

It was at the Institute that Lana first met Igor Gouzenko who sat in the seat behind her in a class of thirty boys and only eight girls.

"I laughed a great deal in those days and Gouzenko amused me because he was so solemn, so serious. We were good friends but no better friends than I was with most of the boys in the class. We didn't have dates the way young Canadians do. When we went to a dance two girls would probably go together on the subway and we would dance with all the boys. We would never think of dancing with the same boy all night, the way they do now.

"Our idea of a treat in those days was to buy ourselves a chocolate éclair—which was very expensive—and it wasn't often we could afford one. We had no cars, of course, and our courting was a good deal more casual than it seems to be among young people here. The girls at school wore no lipstick. This was only for women who were very bad or very old," she said.

Never a Mention of Love

Lana had happy times at school in Moscow. But when the war came the boys from the class were called up almost in a group. Igor left in 1941 with the army, later to become a cipher clerk in the intelligence, and the rest of the boys from class were scattered across the long and bloody front where Russia was fighting for its life against the invading Huns. Lana wrote to them all regularly, sometimes as many as thirty letters a day. And they wrote to her, glad to have a link—a charming and vivacious one—with the hours just yesterday when they had been school-boys, not soldiers.

Igor's letters were usually long descriptive essays, with never a mention of love, telling about the strange and interesting country he was seeing for the first time in the Urals.

"I am not surprised that he has become a novelist," said Lana. "Those letters were so beautifully written."

When he returned to Moscow in 1942 to take a post at Intelligence Headquarters, Lana Gouzenko was one of the best people he looked up.

Lana herself had been taking training as a nurse, and when the Germans drew close to Moscow she bossed a corps of three hundred women cutting down trees to make a rough, quick line of antitank defenses. Like many other women, she fought in the defense of the city. After training as a pilot she flew some missions in a light single-seater trainer converted to a bomber, dropping bombs on German forward supply depots.

But when Igor returned she was at home and they saw each other again and again. They walked and talked mostly about the old days so few months

GOOD LUCK CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT MARGARINE!

**A difference? You bet! Sweeter, fresher GOOD LUCK
has that real "Melt-in-your-mouth" goodness!**

You'll never find out how truly fine a margarine can be—until you try Good Luck.

The flavour is sweeter, fresher—because it's sweet-churned every day. And Good Luck is "freezer-blended" in a special way, for a melt-in-your-mouth goodness you just don't find in other margarines!

Even spreads costing half again as much can't beat Good Luck's flavour... its Vitamin A and Vitamin D content, its high-energy nourishment.

Good Luck is made with pasteurized ingredients—as pure and wholesome as a spread can be.

Enjoy Good Luck's melting goodness on hot muffins, biscuits, toast and vegetables... in cooking, too! Thrifty Good Luck gives you *everything* you could wish for in a spread!

Ask your grocer for Good Luck. Foil-wrapped, twin-bar package with handy color wafers... or the new color-mix bag. Pre-colored, too, wherever permitted.



SANDWICH IDEAS

Tempting sandwiches are easy to make with all the ingredients close at hand. Or set up a "make-your-own" sandwich tray and you're sure to please everybody! Provide two or three kinds of bread, and several fillings. On our tray we have salmon-salad and egg-salad mixtures. Have extra mayonnaise ready, and lots of olives, pickles, onion rings, celery hearts, etc. Roll the Good Luck into balls, or cut in cubes or slices. Let each person spread his bread with Good Luck... and carry out his own ideas of a really good sandwich.



You can buy Good Luck ready-colored, in foil-wrapped twin bars in areas where provincial laws permit the sale of colored margarine.

GOOD LUCK
The sweeter, fresher margarine!

From One Cook to Another



by
Mary Blake

Carnation Home
Service Director



MEAT LOAF GOES GALA — WITH CARNATION

WHO'D LIKE A BRAND-NEW economy meat recipe, with the excitement of a really expensive dish? Here it is — Cheeseburger Loaf! Nothing like this ever happened to meat loaf before. It combines a rich-flavored meat mixture, with cheese . . . in a most original way . . . and is it delicious! Easy — yet most effective. But it takes Carnation Evaporated Milk — no other form of milk will do. Unlike ordinary milk, Carnation is double-rich . . . has the consistency of heavy cream (you see, it's double concentrated by evaporation). Because of this heavy consistency, and because of special heat-refinement, Carnation makes meat loaves moist and juicy through and through. See for yourself.



CARNATION Cheeseburger Loaf

(Makes 8 to 10 servings)

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| 1/2 cup undiluted
Carnation Evaporated Milk | 2 tablespoons
chopped onion |
| 1 egg | 1 teaspoon dry
mustard |
| 1 cup soda biscuit
crumbs | 1 tablespoon
ketchup |
| 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef | 1 cup grated
cheddar cheese |
| 1 1/2 teaspoons salt | |

Combine all ingredients except cheese thoroughly. Line loaf pan with heavy waxed paper. Spread 1/2 cup cheese in bottom of pan. Cover with half of meat mixture. Repeat, to use remaining cheese and meat mixture. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) about 1 hour. Let stand about 10 minutes before turning out on platter. Remove paper. Slice for serving.

ALL ACROSS THE COUNTRY, grocers are featuring my Cheeseburger Loaf — with big Carnation Milk displays and **FREE** recipes. Look for the display — get your free recipe sheet.

DO YOU FEEL any qualms when you serve your husband an economy meat dish instead of steak or roast? You needn't, if you let your imagination — or a good recipe — lead you to such things as Cheeseburger Loaf. But to ease your conscience further, be sure the coffee is extra good. That'll make him happy! And it's oh-so-easy! Just pour Carnation Milk into the cream pitcher. Carnation makes even your best coffee taste much, much better. Undiluted Carnation is heavy enough to whip. Is it any wonder that it gives coffee such tempting golden-brown color . . . such creamy consistency? Get Carnation for your coffee — next time you shop.

LISTEN to the delightful Saturday radio show, "Stars Over Hollywood". A complete half-hour play every week — featuring in person top dramatic stars of screen and radio. See your newspaper for time and station.

FREE . . . my latest booklet, "One-Dish Meals". It's full of delightful meal-making inspirations. Write for your free copy to Dept. 21, Carnation Company Limited, at Toronto or Vancouver or St. John's, Nfld.



"from Contented Cows"

ago. There were no theatres they could go to, no restaurants, and bomb-battered Moscow was dimmed out. A less romantic setting for a courtship would be hard to find.

"But we reached out for each other because we were lonely and each represented to the other a happier time," said Lana. "Igor, whose serious view of life had been a little comical when we were at school, was now something strong you could lean upon. We would walk together past the trees along Pagodan Street, where my parents lived, talking as we walked and with the river in the background and it was almost the way it had been before the war. It was a new and wonderful experience to have any feelings at all in those days because we were all sort of numb from fighting and working. I know up near the front where we were cutting down the trees we got so we didn't even bother to take cover when the German shells came in. We were too tired to care," she recalled.

However, there was room in the Gousev apartment for the young people to be together, one of the few such places in crowded Moscow. And there was even a little extra food once in a while.

They were married, Lana and Igor, in November of that year.

"It was most unromantic," Lana said. "We went to the registrar and signed the papers and he congratulated us and that was all. No wedding, no ring and not even a honeymoon. In fact, I didn't even change my name. Gouzenko had to hurry back to be on duty and it was ten days before we had any time together."

The Gousevs gave them one of the

three rooms in the apartment for their own and the next spring Gouzenko was sent to the embassy in Ottawa by air, while Lana, who was pregnant, followed by ship. Displaying the kind of toughness that was to come in handy in the years ahead only she of all the passengers escaped seasickness on the rough crossing from Vladivostok to Seattle.

The story of Gouzenko's flight from the Russian Embassy in Ottawa carrying with him the documents that were to smash the spy apparatus has been told many times. Lana has her own memories of those days.

Hardest Decision of All

"We talked about it for a long time and when Gouzenko's recall to Moscow came through we knew we must act. We were afraid to discuss it in bed in our own apartment because we knew the living quarters of some of the embassy staff had been wired, so we went into the park and discussed it. I told my husband he must have documents; the accusation alone would not be enough. Canada was not like Russia. They do not shoot people here just on a charge. So he got the documents and they didn't shoot them even then. They put them in jail," she said.

But for both of them the hardest part of the decision to renounce their country lay in the realization that they were in all likelihood condemning their own people, back in the Soviet, to death. Lana's brother had been killed in the war. That she knew. What has happened to the others they do not know. They can only guess and fear and try to forget.

COLOUR and CRISPNESS

COMBINE IN THE SEASON'S
BRAND-NEW...

Irish Linen
LUNCHEON AND BRIDGE SETS

THE IRISH LINEN GUILD
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"We have a belief in Russia that the children are the important ones. We thought of our children when we did what we did. It was hard but we feel it was right," she said.

And how have those children fared? Both of them were born in Canada, the girl arriving not long after Gouzenko made his break. Both are happy healthy Canadian children who know nothing of their parents' story. They have no idea they are of Russian descent. Occasionally they hear a Russian phrase spoken between their father and mother but they don't know what language is being spoken.

The boy plays hockey; the little girl is interested in music. Their parents belong to the home and school club, the children go to Sunday school, and the whole family goes to church. To them the name Gouzenko means no more than it meant to Lana that day in the kitchen when she uncomprehendingly came across it in the newspaper.

As for Lana she liked Canada the first time she saw it. She liked the food in the big stores and on display in the magazines. She liked the pattern of Canadian family life.

"I don't agree with the people who say that Canadian children have no manners. They are full of life and not afraid to be themselves. Of course, sometimes ours are a little too much themselves and when they are bad they get a spanking. I like the way Canadian men accept responsibility for things around the home and don't leave it all for the woman to do," she said.

When they first came to Ottawa, to the now-famous apartment house on Somerset Street, they ate Russian-style

and drank their tea from a glass. But gradually and gladly Lana adopted Canadian foods retaining a few old favorites such as borsch.

"Very few Russians have ulcers and I think one of the reasons must be that they drink so much hot soup," she said. When asked for her own recipe she gave these instructions for making the dish:

To a strong broth of bone-marrow beef—potatoes, cabbage, carrots, little beets and tomatoes are added with salt, sugar and vinegar providing the seasoning to taste. The vegetables should not

FRIENDSHIP

By Thomas Usk

Unselfishness, my friend, is fine,
But as of now, I'm through!
I've put your needs ahead of mine
And so have you!

be cooked too long or they will lose their character and their taste. This is topped with sour cream and slices of hard-boiled eggs before serving.

Cooking is only one of the tasks and hobbies that make and keep Lana busy all day long. She has no help, yet finds time to do her own dressmaking and sew most of the children's clothes. She is skilful and industrious with knitting needles or crochet hook. She brought shopping bags full of her handiwork to our meeting and she spread it in profusion around the room—knitted stoles and scarves, doilies, tablecloths and

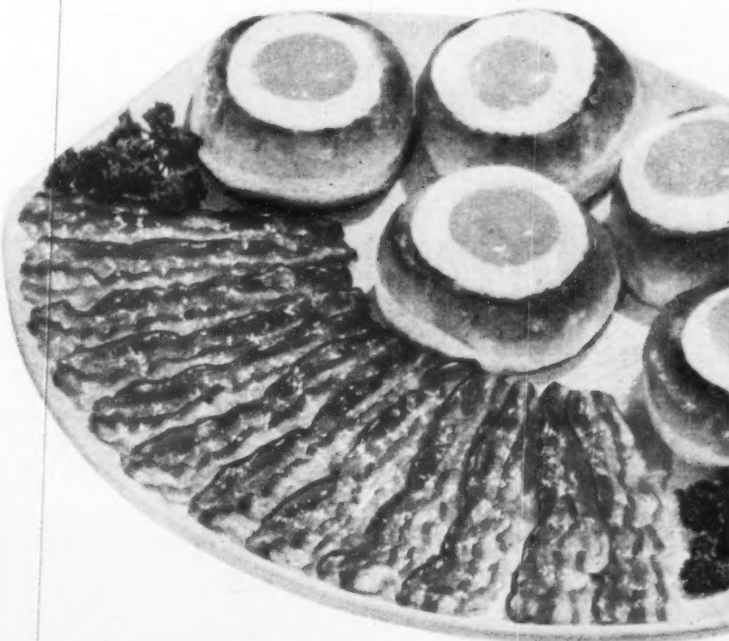
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CLEVER wives who notice how finicky husbands are about the flavour of bacon realize that all bacon *doesn't* taste the same. So they serve Swift's Premium Bacon—it's sure to please *any* man!

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 **Spring!**



*Not a hair
out of place*

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many other examples of fancy work neither of us knew the English word for. The Russian influence was evident in some of the designs.

"I work very quickly," she said as though apologizing for her productivity.

Beautiful as these were none of them could be photographed to accompany this article because all the things she had made were to be given as Christmas presents and some of the recipients might identify her through them.

She plays the piano for her children who are being raised in a home full of music. The family has a good record player and while she and her husband retain their affection for the classics, with special emphasis on the work of a countryman name of Tchaikovsky, they enjoy jazz, too.

Never say "Remember?"

She paints and does it competently. These pictures cannot be reproduced, either, because many of them are scenes near their home. Gouzenko himself has started to paint. She has other hobbies which cannot be mentioned here not because there is anything wrong with them, but they are so unusual in an artistic way that they might serve to betray her identity to her friends and neighbors.

Lana is confident that none of the people they have met, and they have lived in more than one place in Canada, has ever suspected their secret.

"You cannot imagine how completely our lives have been changed by the cover story that was given to us by the Canadian authorities. Our records have been changed, our backgrounds and in a way even our personalities. For in-

stance, Gouzenko must keep his painting a secret because it does not fit the story. No one could ever guess and of course the change is so complete that we never make a slip ourselves," said Lana.

All this is a necessary payment on the price for coming to us and living among us in safety. And it is a high price because they are people without a real past. They can never say, artlessly like most of us do, "Remember when . . ."

They must always be vigilant not only of strangers but of themselves.

"I love Canada and I never want to leave it," said Lana as our talk drew to a close. "Russia to me is something to be forgotten. I have no curiosity about the United States and wouldn't want to go there even if I could. But there are times when I feel suspended, as it were, between two worlds."

I looked across at the needlework, spilling in graceful folds over the chairs on which it had been draped for display. It could be a great help to a vigorous, imaginative young woman living the strange dream-life of an exile to have so many stitches to keep her hands and her mind busy.

When we left, I took her by taxi to a corner where, for security reasons, she would get another taxi by herself and go to the place where she and her husband had agreed to meet. As we left the house we paused to look again at a landscape which I thought was the best of her paintings.

"Some day," she said quietly, "I will paint from memory the mountains of Samarkand the way they looked when I was a little girl. They were the most beautiful pink mountains." +



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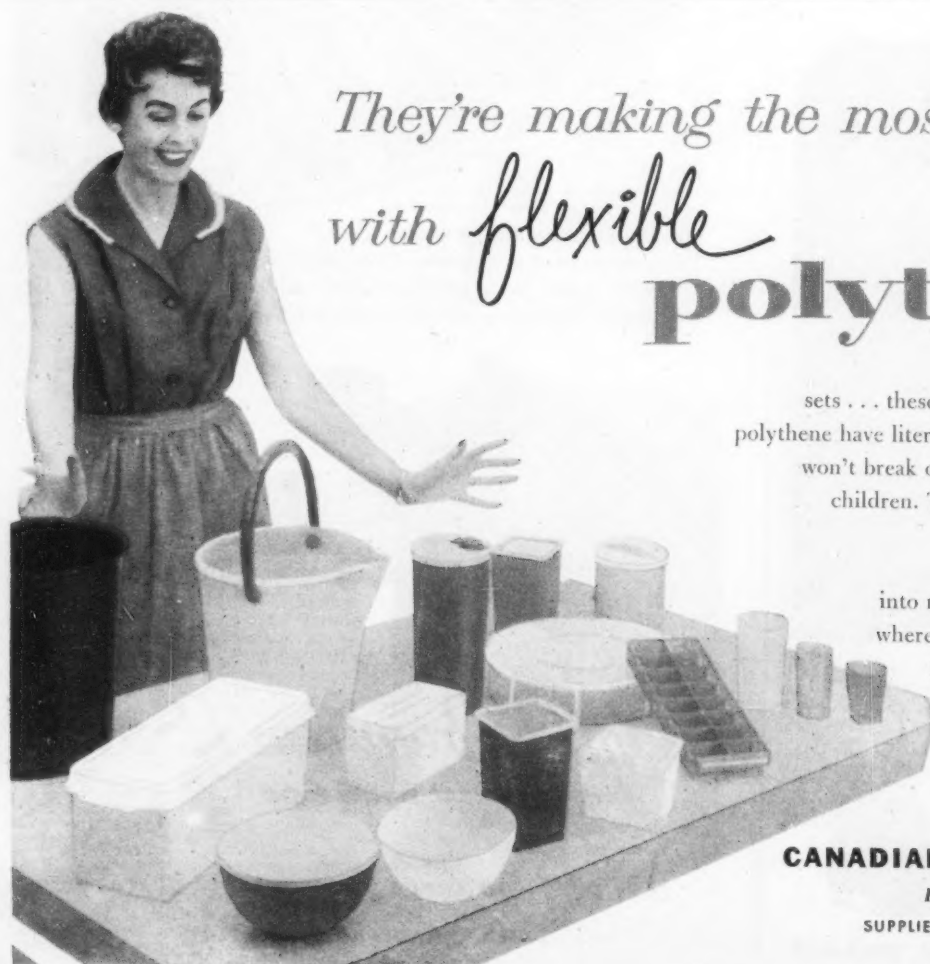
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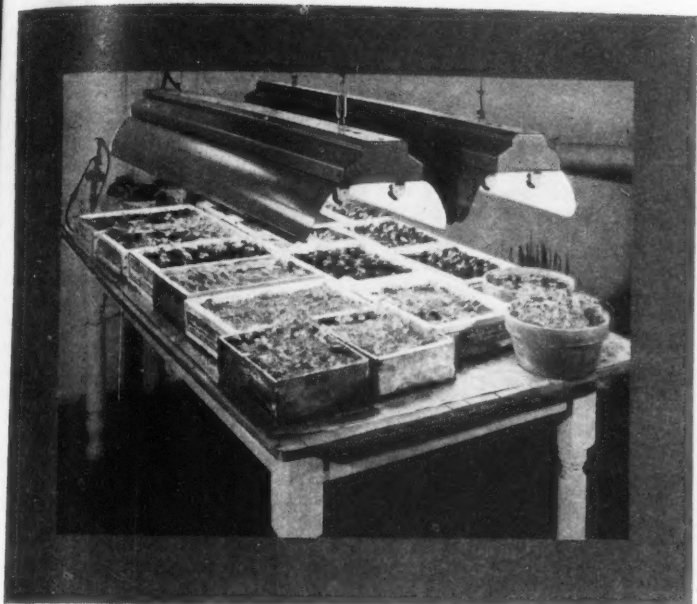
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GARDENING

PLANT NOW UNDER LIGHTS

With fluorescent tubes to provide the sunshine you can start a greenhouse right now in your cellar

By HELEN O'REILLY

DO YOU KNOW a gardener who would like to have a greenhouse? Do you know one who wouldn't! Whether that gardener is yourself or the one you love next best, it is altogether possible that your budget does not run either to a lovely glasshouse or the cost of continually heating same. If so, the answer is astonishingly simple—hang a fluorescent lamp in your cellar or in a spare room or across a north window and let the green thumb take it from there.

The three essentials to plant welfare that a greenhouse provides—constant warmth, moisture, and light—are all obtainable in your home. Warmth the Canadian home can certainly supply because it is just as essential to you as to your African violet; moisture you can maintain by judicious watering of the soil; and fluorescent lighting can provide steady, reliable light during the long winter months. Although it does not give off the heat energy that the sun radiates, it supplies the kind of light that seedlings and house plants require—both would wither away in the blaze of full summer sunlight.

I speak with such confidence because last year I lit my fluorescent lamps and started my delphinium seeds, petunias, snapdragons, verbenas, schizanthus *et al.* and set them out proudly as good, stocky little plants in the spring, then watched them thrive and flower throughout the summer. I rooted the leaves of my favorite African violets—and of my friends' violets that I have

been coveting for years—and brought them into flower faster and more abundantly than ever before, just as the African Violet Society of America said I would!

This was my setup (but I am sure the pattern can be varied to fit your living arrangements). In my cellar over an old-fashioned kitchen table three feet wide I hung two fluorescent lighting fixtures of the standard variety used in shops—these consist of a hoodlike reflector of baked enamel about fifty-two inches long holding two lighting tubes properly called fluorescent lamps. To begin with I used forty-watt standard white lamps but I was tipped off that a daylight lamp might help so I switched to one white and one daylight lamp (both forty-watt) in each fixture and the result was excellent.

These fixtures (and one will light an area two-and-a-half by four feet so I squandered mine!) cost not more than thirty dollars complete for sixty-cycle users and perhaps ten dollars more for twenty-five-cycle areas; there is an identical fixture with a handsome porcelain enamel finish at about five dollars more than my baked enamel job and this finish will withstand dampness better but, otherwise, it would seem an unnecessary extravagance.

If you are lucky enough to have an electrical craftsman in the family, point out how easily a homemade fluorescent fixture can be rigged up after an expert

Continued on the next page



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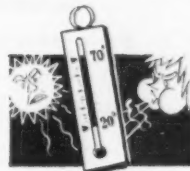
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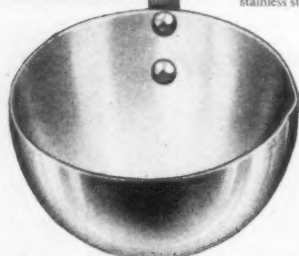
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Continued from the previous page
look at the picture above. Not having a clue about electrical installation myself, I dare make just one stipulation—be sure to paint the inside of the shade or reflector a glossy white so as to get the most out of your lamps; the glossy white reflector will give the maximum light spread. The cost of electricity at eighteen hours a day is small.

My fixtures hang from stout hooks on the beams of my cellar ceiling on short lengths of fairly heavy chain so that I can adjust them as my plants grow but a handier device would be to work them on pulleys. The point is that the tiny new seedlings must have the lights as close above them as possible to prevent their growing spindly and weak but once they have their true leaves the lights should be raised gradually until they are about a foot above the tops of the plants. The same is true for house plants: the lights should hang a foot above them and be raised as they grow.

Oddly enough, there is no advantage in burning the lights right round the clock. Such fancy forcing of the pace never occurred to me, I must admit; I simply turned on the lights each morning when I went down to gloat over my "greenhouse" and turned them off last thing at night; but experimenters report that tomato plants exposed to the lights without a break actually stopped growing and then started again when given "day" and "night" in reasonable proportions!

The advantages of this tidy and convenient method will be obvious to all those who have struggled through the snow to a greenhouse or worried over the time-honored cold frame or hotbed, even with the boon of the electric heating coil to replace the hazards of horse manure as a heat generator! With the fluorescent-lighting method there is no fussing with ventila-

tion to control fluctuating heat or to prevent steaming up; no bother with worms or predatory rodents. The temperature is steady: I found that my cellar was about fifty degrees at night, around sixty in the daytime, and under the lights it was seventy—what more could you ask of spring weather? The result was quicker and more uniform germination and well-grown, healthy little plants timed, you might say, to order.

I used the customary wooden flats for most of my seed planting—fish boxes scrounged from the fish and chips stores!—and bulb pans (wide flower pots) for the rest; under my two fixtures I got sixteen flats. Into them I put pebbles for drainage, then my own seed-growing mixture of sifted garden loam and humus, and when I got tired of sifting I bought potting soil from the nearest florist—the essential for seed germination is a fine, light porous soil without added fertilizer.

Then I sowed my seed—first my perennials, each tiny seed an inch from the next, then my annuals, as thinly as possible in the rows, and covered them all with a pane of glass to keep in the moisture and a thickness of newspaper to keep out the light. As soon as the pinpoints of pale green appeared, I uncovered them to the "daylight," kept them watered with a mistlike spray, adjusted the lamps to their steady growth, and led everyone who came into the house right down to the cellar to admire them!

They call this fluorescent-light scheme "the poor man's greenhouse" but I am dreaming of chrysanthemums at Christmas and lilies in March and begonias all the year round—in fact, all the rich man's luxuries! I plan to bring my house bulbs to perfection under my lamps, to keep a clump of parsley alive all winter, and to get tomatoes and broccoli, lettuce and green peppers off to a flying start this spring. Doesn't it make your mouth water? +

PLANTING TIMETABLE

Here is how my fluorescent planting worked out last year—but you may fix your own starting times and use this as a guide.

SEED	PLANTED	GERMINATED	REMARKS
Delphinium	March 1	March 10	I didn't turn on the lights until the 15th to allow for fullest possible germination; ready to transplant on April 14.
Petunia	March 1	March 9	This worked well; plants ready to set out by mid-May.
Snapdragon	March 1	March 10	This year I am spacing these seeds like the perennials to avoid transplanting them twice.
Verbena	March 2	March 6	This was satisfactory timing for an Ontario spring.
Lobelia	March 1	March 14	This was too late — I planted these in mid-February this year.
Sweet Alyssum	March 1	March 5	Highly satisfactory — bloomed right through the early fall frosts.
Stocks	March 1	March 6	By the 28th these had to be transplanted to other flats.

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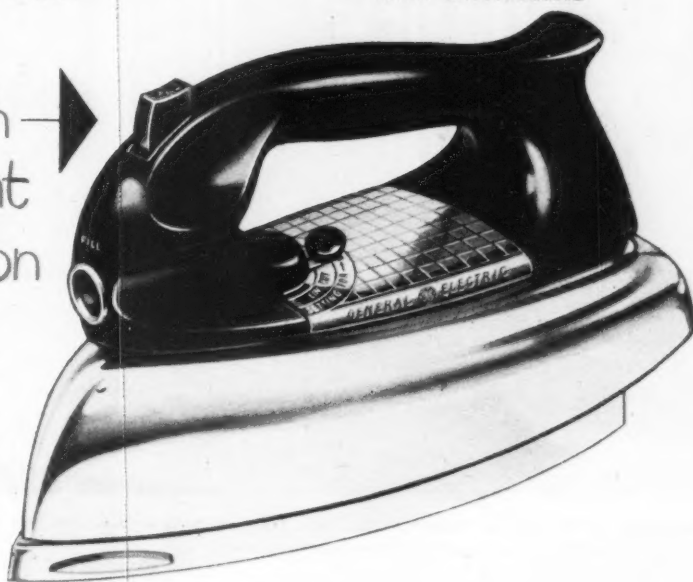


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Look What's Happening



Versatile is the word for today's fabrics. Here heavy casement cloth is used both for window wall drapes (right) and to divide the living and dining rooms.

Give that room a lift with fabrics

*Get the same feeling you get
from a new hat and make a familiar room
glow with fresh charm. Once you see
today's fabrics you'll realize your own taste
and imagination are the only limit*

SET A WOMAN DOWN in the middle of a desert island, provide her with a shelter, and what is the first thing she'll do? Make curtains out of palm fronds, of course! From the earliest pioneer days when precious bits of flour sacking were saved for this purpose right up to now when our first act on moving is to "get the curtains up," we women have found some of our greatest satisfaction in this ritual.

It's a wise homemaking instinct that recognizes how important decorative hangings and coverings are in setting the atmosphere of intimacy and seclusion, in bringing warmth and color and comfort into the heart of the home. Just as a new hat can revive your spirits, bolster your self-confidence and add that extra sparkle to your personality, so your selection of materials and patterns can pull a room out of the dumps, change the entire character of a house.

As today's modern homemaker you have at your finger

to Living



Bring new unity and simplicity to a small room with a delicate all-over patterned fabric that's repeated even in the lampshades.



Semisheer curtains give light and privacy without drapes.

By Margaret Newcombe

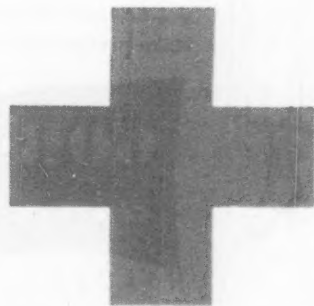
tips all the end-products of the accumulated skills and arts of generations of textile makers; you can summon them from the ends of the earth, across the great waterways of the world. And you are the favored child of Science, which spins magic fabrics from coal and petroleum, from rocks and hidden metals. These are the worksaving, timesaving materials that function so well in your busy life. Color-fast, weather-fast, shrink-fast materials that wash like a dream, dry in a twinkling and want only the slightest touch of an iron. These are the dirt-resistant, sun-resistant, child-resistant fabrics that wear like steel—only more comfortably.

All this richness of choice, this width of selection, is in a sense a real challenge to you. You are no longer guided by the rigid standards of a period, by formal settings, or by any limit in color or design. You can mix or match your curtains, draperies and furniture *Continued on next page*

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Continued from the previous page
coverings with a sense of adventure. Play around with textures, for example. Mix the rough, nubby texture of tweed upholstery with the velvety softness of corduroy. Try matchstick bamboo blinds against the luminous quality of the new sheer gauzes. Consider the smooth coolness of hand-blocked linen slip covers contrasted with the sack-like look of thin, hand-woven draperies. Let yourself go—have fun with fabrics!

First let's take a look at the line-up of new, synthetic, man-made materials, the test-tube progeny of our modern world.

Nylon, Orlon and Dacron, and others of this "on" category, are favored because of their easy-to-press qualities and their long-wearing values. Handled according to instructions, they do stand up, although nylon is losing out to its younger sisters as a material for plain glass curtains. A new sculptured nylon, however, with a raised coin-dot design, appearing in pale pastels and in black, is the latest glamorous note for shower curtains and bathroom window.

Glass-fibre materials are comparative newcomers. The raw materials that make ordinary glass are refined, melted and rolled into glass filaments and spun into a fine yarn. Resistant to fire, shrinking, mildew and sun, glass-fibre curtains can be washed and rehung in a matter of minutes, and show remarkable dirt-resisting qualities, too. But they must be handled with care, as the material is subject to abrasion and the minute glass fibres, when pressed or played with too rough a hand, may cut themselves.

A new lining fabric for draperies, originally developed for outdoor clothing, has insulating properties. It has a solid color front and an aluminum sprayed backing that rejects the sun's summer heat and helps trap your winter heat inside—a boon if you are faced with the wide picture-window problem.

Top news among decorators are the printed sheers, or gauze fabrics, available now for home-sewers. One of these, artificially made, combines the properties of cellulosic fibres and that of natural silk to produce an almost transparent material with terrific tensile strength—another word for wearing quality. You can find it, and also rayon sheers, thin and fabulous as Indian saris, in plain colors, wide pastel plaids and delicate prints. Used with a lavish hand and hung very full, they make lovely, muted color effects.

Other man-made fibres are distinguished for their "locked-in" colors. The dye is put right into the solution, which eventually becomes the fabric, while it is still in liquid form. Since the color is not printed on or dyed in the woven fabric later, it is said to be unchanging for its lifetime, unaffected by sun, wear or time. They say you can match it years later, for additional lengths, simply by its color number, like knitting wool. In these fabrics you will find a delicate, frosty surface "bloom" and a satin or taffeta finish which make it a good choice for feminine bedspreads and curtains.

The hours you used to spend over a hot ironing board, fluting ruffled curtains, fade into limbo with the newest of plastic materials now making its bow. It looks astonishingly like a fine quality marquisette and, as straight curtains, can be washed and



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GL-209

rehung in a matter of moments, without coming within sneering distance of an iron. When it is made up with deep frills and tie-backs, however, some women like to smooth the frills with a cool iron.

On the whole the well-known plastic fabrics should be used with discretion. They are popular for kitchens and bathrooms where splatters of grease and soapsuds can be wiped off with a damp cloth. But a light hand is needed, for a too lavish use of plastic does tend to give your home a kind of neon-bar-and-cafe atmosphere.

White is an important color note this year and it is here that plastic upholstery fabrics come into their own. Since they are completely washable, their imperturbable behavior in the presence of children and their jam-smears and tattoo-beating boots endears them to harassed mothers. These fabrics, grained like leather, textured like tree bark, and with pebbly surfaces, come in about a dozen different shades of white, off-white, chalk-white, oyster-white and so on, as well as in other handsome shades. Their sparing use, to strike an otherwise fragile color note in a family room, is recommended. Come summer, you can move these upholstered chairs out with your lawn furniture for alfresco entertaining.

Such synthetic fabrics have always proved of interest to *avant-garde* decorators and innovators and sometimes result in fanfared rooms of the future that are completely washable from stem to gudgeon with a hose. At a recent National Home Furnishing show in New York, for example, furniture was upholstered in foam rubber. Instead of the usual fabric finish, a vinyl plastic was sprayed on. You could change your color scheme by spraying on a new coat.

If you like looking forward, but are not ready to go so far as spraying your upholstery, you can still find plenty of excitement with fabrics.

Canadian weavers are making hand-woven semisheers in soft monotone shades, sometimes touched with a glint of gold, and upholstery fabrics that look like sophisticated burlap. Both fit equally well into an early Canadian setting or stone-walled interior.

Canadian hand-screened, hand-blocked fabrics are also making their name. The designs are simple and easy—the feeling you want in a modern home. Your store can order them custom-made in color and design directly from the designers. Don't be afraid to ask for them. Prices for individual designs are remarkably low, from \$5.95 to \$8.95 a yard, and it is fun to choose stylized interpretations of Canadian flora and fauna, such as the southern Ontario tobacco-leaf motif.

These handmade materials go beautifully with something as simple and chic as the new wood blinds, a happy compromise for city dwellers who want the light to come in but need to blur the view of the fire escape. These reed, slat and dowel blinds also make smart room dividers between kitchen and dining areas or living and sleeping quarters. The blinds have different types of slats used in a pattern or singly. More variety can be achieved with a "fill" of colored or gold threads the thickness of string. Bamboo blinds can now be hung vertically and drawn like curtains.

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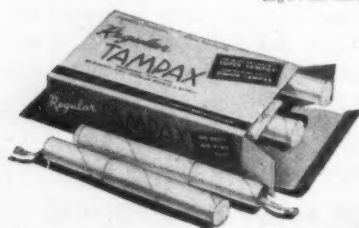
what would she think
of you today?

She looks out at the world through older, wiser eyes... that girl who once was you. Would she approve the way you look at things, or would she miss the fresh enthusiasm that was so much a part of her make-up? Ask yourself the question she would ask: Do you still have a "young" viewpoint?

Part of feeling young is a willingness to accept new ideas. Perhaps that's why so many young people have turned to the new idea in sanitary protection: Tampax*. Because Tampax is worn internally, it avoids many of the discomforts of "those days"—chafing, irritation, the whole bulky belt-pin-pad harness, and odor.

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appealing, often play on different values of one color—a chromatic color scale. Try using these horizontally, so that the bands of color flow across a window, particularly in a room where you want long, low lines. If there is exposed brick or stone work, a very strong pattern, such as great brush strokes of color on a neutral ground, is good.

Maybe the ultramodern feeling is not for you. You want to rest comfortably in the middle, between the past and the future. You're lucky, because the stores are fairly bursting with fabrics for you. Canadian mills, through the investment of millions, can now bring the newest developments and designs right to your home town. Some of them are experimenting in machine-woven fabrics that give the same effect as hand-woven ones, at less cost. And, since war's end, textile makers of all lands are competing again for your favor, in both design and price.

Glazed chintzes withstand soiling and appear in wider selections than ever before. American imports usually boast a permanent glaze and those from Switzerland offer both traditional flower and medallion designs and widely spaced airy patterns in cool colors. Belgium and Holland are sending monk's cloth in new pastel colors and checks, flecked with gold threads, good to cover a day bed and for heavy draw drapes.

American prints have a casual "brushed" look and almost any object becomes the subject for an amusing interpretation—buttons, watches, cats, sea shells, balloons. For long association, however, a soft pattern that does not dominate is easier to live with, except for the occasional accent. Bunch the material you plan to choose for hangings in your hand so that you can see if the pattern becomes an allover rather than a spotty one when hung in folds.

Slip covers that offer a chance of change and cleaning are still a good decorating plan. Some homes have both winter and summer slip covers that stress a feeling of warmth or coolness with the change of seasons. If, let's say, your room has soft green walls and rug as its basic color, you can, by choice of covers, make two entirely different rooms of it.

In the summer your slip covers could be predominantly grey and white, with tiny touches of pink and gold that could be picked up in your ornaments and secondary pieces. In the winter you would want a more boldly patterned linen, a soft green background with sharp reds and blacks in it, and you would spice the rest of your room with red accents and hang, perhaps, thick gold-colored drapes.

Maybe you long for the ordered tranquility of the past, the traditional, more luxurious way of life, and perhaps practicality is not your problem. Then there is a lot to be said for the natural fibres which almost always appear in the traditional fabrics. You can afford to prize the value of fine cottons, rich silks, opulent wools. Wool content in drapery, for instance, almost always makes it hang better.

English documentary prints, hand-blocked linens and cottons are still the best in the world. English cotton damask, so fine it looks like silk, comes into Canada under a low duty rate. English colors are not quite as dominant as those of American prints. And

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French toile is a frequent choice of big home decorators. The design is in true period, sometimes hand-printed from hundred-year-old blocks, but its narrow width is discouraging for those of you who sew your own.

The American prints along traditional lines use authentic patterns reproduced from museums and old colonial homes. A floral pattern taken from the Coopers-town Museum is printed in five different color schemes. But the original color scheme is perfectly charming in soft yellow, citron and brown on a white background.

This historical research is often interpreted with a contemporary flavor. Striped panels, one of the oldest basic designs, are handled very simply to give a formal effect. One tone may be used throughout a whole design, as varying values of green on a white ground or yellows shading from a pale sunlight through to a hot mustard shade. Or a traditional design may be translated in 1954 colors, as brown, grey, pink and black used together.

In the realm of upholstery fabrics, mohair has almost disappeared at last. Textured fabrics are the main trend, such as strong masculine tweeds, finer bouclé weaves and those having a sculptured, three-dimensional appearance. You can have it highlighted with gold threads, if you like, or choose it in double colors, such as black and white. Canadian matalesse, for example, appears in a shell design that gives a two-tone effect. New fibres have been added to give strength and weight. Brocatel, with a raised pattern, has jute woven in it. Nylon is used for the "loop" and "fill" on cotton backing, and it is also appearing in all-nylon damasks. Wool makes a good content for furniture covering, is pleasant to the touch and has greater "bounce." If the loops on your upholstery fabric are cut, it is called a "pile" fabric; if uncut, a "frieze."

And there's nothing to stop you from wandering out of the upholstery department into the dress-goods division if you are still looking for something different. Denim makes practical washable covering, as does corduroy, and they are available now in both of these departments.

In short, there's nothing to stop you in your happy search for the exact color, pattern and texture you want. There's never been so wide a choice in design, price, type, quality and performance. Fabrics are available, on the dry-goods counters of Canadian stores, from almost every part of the globe. So here is where the real "you" has a chance to emerge. This is when you dip into that reservoir of creative ability each one of us has. Your curtains, drapes, upholstery and coverings can be a very real expression of your imagination, your taste, your wit and inventiveness. +

Next month:

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO LIVING takes a look at what's happening to big basic items of kitchen equipment.

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... about a stained silver
teapot ... a nylon shirt ...
detergents ... and tea biscuits

How should I dry a man's nylon shirt?

Men's shirts can be dried in spin-dryer or automatic. To finish, press lightly with iron, then hang on wooden hanger. To drip-dry, button shirt onto wooden hanger, smooth out collar and cuffs, fold the cuffs back, and allow to dry. Leave shirt on hanger for storing. This is a good idea no matter how you dry nylon shirts or blouses. Storage on hangers avoids folds, creases and wrinkles.

The inside of my silver teapot is badly stained. Can you tell me how to remove this stain without injuring the teapot?

Combine equal amounts of table salt and baking soda (1 teaspoon of each should be sufficient). Apply with moistened cloth on stained inside surface. Rub lightly, then rinse and dry thoroughly.

Note: This is effective for removing stains in pottery teapots, too.

What kind of cooking is done in a Dutch oven?

This utensil is designed primarily for "braising" of meats. To braise: meats, chicken, etc., are browned with a little fat in the Dutch oven. Then a small amount of liquid (water or tomato juice) is added; the heat under the utensil lowered to simmer (very low) and the utensil is covered. The meat is cooked at this low temperature until it is tender. Dutch ovens are made of heavy metal, usually seasoned iron or aluminum, and hold the heat well. Chicken fricassee, pot roasts, corned beef, stews, swiss steaks, rolled flank steaks are ideally cooked in a Dutch oven. Vegetables may be added part way during the cooking period.

What is meant by a "built" synthetic detergent?

"Builders" are water softeners and/or other substances used in general laundry soaps or detergents to increase their efficiency in cleaning heavily soiled fabrics. "Built" detergents contain alkalies and other "builders" which are designed to increase the washing action, to prevent redeposit of soil, mildly bleach or give a whitening effect.

Can you give me a few ideas on how to serve small hot tea biscuits at a pass-around reception party?

Split the biscuits and put in an interesting filling such as:

- Marmalade and peanut butter blended together.
- Chopped cooked bacon and nippy spreading cheese.
- Cream cheese moistened to spreading consistency with frozen orange juice concentrate. Add chopped walnuts.

Put tops back on biscuits and serve piping hot in covered dish. +

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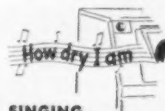


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YOUNG PARENTS

USE THIS CHART TO SPOT INFECTIOUS DISEASES

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D.

Director, Child Health Clinic

MOST CHILDREN will at some time contract one or several of the common infectious diseases of childhood and it is important that mothers learn to recognize their early symptoms and give proper nursing care. The chart below will help you to recognize suspicious signs and know when to look for them if your youngsters have been in contact with any of these diseases. It

	Incubation Period*	Early Symptoms
Chicken Pox No prevention available or necessary.	14-21 days. Infectious until all scabs gone.	May be a little feverish or out of sorts.
German Measles (Rubella)	14-21 days.	Mild cold or slight fever or vomiting or no symptoms. Can be spread at this stage.
Measles No permanent preventive inoculation.	8 to 10 days before running nose. 14 days before rash appears. Infectious before rash appears, especially with cold-like symptoms. Keep such children at home.	Running nose. Bleary sensitive eyes. Cough.
Scarlet Fever	2-5 days. May catch disease from patient with scarlet fever or tonsilitis.	Fever, vomiting, sore throat and usually painful, swollen glands in the neck. Tongue is coated.
Smallpox Preventive vaccination available and essential.	10-14 days.	Sudden fever, then vomiting, diarrhea, generalized pain, headache, restlessness.
Diphtheria Preventive inoculations available and essential.	2-5 days.	Child feels and looks sick, headache, sore throat.
Lock jaw (Tetanus) Preventive inoculations available and essential.	3-21 days. Infection of cut, wound or splinter by tetanus germs from cultivated soil, road dust, manure, etc. Can have disease without any sign of injury.	Headache, fever, chills, stiff neck.
Mumps	14-28 days. Infectiousness varies — your child may not catch it from a bad case, but a case so mild that it is missed can infect others.	General upset for a day or two — then pain and soreness in jaw and neck — then salivary glands in cheeks and at angles of jaw swell, or else only glands under jaws affected. May have abdominal pain.
Whooping Cough Preventive inoculations available and essential.	7-14 days. Infectious for 2 weeks before whoop starts and for about three weeks afterward. Keep children with coughs at home.	Head cold; hard, dry, persistent cough — especially at night. Can infect others at this stage.

*Or length of time between contact with another child

is a guidepost only and should certainly be supplemented by the skill of your physician.

Among these infectious diseases five produce rashes: chicken pox, German measles, measles, scarlet fever and smallpox—and four do not: diphtheria, lockjaw (tetanus), mumps and whooping cough.

Our babies are luckier than we were for they can be protected against four of the most dangerous illnesses. We immunize against three of them—diphtheria, whooping cough and lockjaw—all at the same time by injections of a carefully standardized mixture of diphtheria toxoid, whooping-cough vaccine and tetanus toxoid. As whooping cough and diphtheria are particularly severe in young children, the injections are started very early, at four to six months

Continued on the next page



Distinctive Features	Nursing Tips
Pox—raised oval pink spots, surrounded by red rim—some topped by little blisters, burst easily and then scabs. Most spots on trunk. Pox appear in crops—for example, 10 to 15 on first day; 50 to 75 on second and 100 to 150 on third day.	In bed if feels sick or feverish. Give cotton gloves to reduce scratching. Itching reduced by dabbing on solution of bicarbonate of soda (three teaspoons to a glass of water), or by bath with soda in it. Keep skin clean.
Rash, varies in appearance, usually small pink spots, from pinpoint to pea in size. May be raised later. Lasts 1 to 2 days. Glands at back of neck may be enlarged and tender.	Keep in bed until rash gone. Best to get it over in childhood, as may be more serious later in life. Second attacks very rare.
Rash, appears 3 to 4 days after symptoms of cold, consists of irregular-shaped, purplish-red raised spots, first on head behind ears, later on trunk and limbs, often blotchy.	Keep in bed, avoid chilling. May wear dark glasses if adds to comfort. As measles dangerous to young or weakly children, call doctor at once.
Rash, usually appears 1 day later. Often a mass of bright red pinpoints on blushing skin. No rash on face, but cheeks flushed and skin around mouth pale. Throat shiny red—may show a few yellow spots.	Put to bed and keep there, except to go to toilet. Look at urine in glass jar daily. If color changes to dark brown or red, call doctor. Mouth washes and gargles helpful.
Rash appears after three days of fever—most prominent on exposed surfaces and palms of hands and soles of feet. All the spots are at the same stage—does not come out in crops.	Should be treated in hospital. May be fatal. Almost unknown in vaccinated populations. Have your baby vaccinated early and revaccinated when he enters school.
Greyish spots or patches on tonsils. There is no rash.	Should be treated in hospital. May cause death, pneumonia, kidney disease and paralysis. Can be prevented by diphtheria toxoid injections. Have your baby protected at an early age.
Difficulty in chewing. Spasms of muscles. Convulsions.	Must be treated in hospital and one third to half of patients die. Can be prevented with tetanus toxoid. Have your baby protected at an early age.
Salivary glands in front of ear and below cheekbone swollen. One or both sides affected; second one 2 or 3 days after first. Skin not red, pain moderate and fever high. Swallowing cold or sour food may increase pain.	Bed at once. Hot or cold compresses if comforting. Mouth washes after eating. Liquid food.
After two weeks, severe spasms of coughing usually followed by "whoop." Child gets blue in face. Eyes bloodshot and vomits.	Keep in bed at first and maintain even temperature in room. Comfort child during spasms. Feed after spasm over. Dangerous in young children—have preventive injections given to your baby.

suffering the disease and appearance of first symptoms.



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X-rays of child's foot showing proper development at left, distortion caused by faulty footwear at right.

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Continued from previous page
of age. Three injections are given, one after the other, with three weeks to one month between each. These "needles" rarely upset a baby, although sometimes he may show a small red spot on his skin or may be out of sorts and a little feverish for a day or so. This of course is nothing as compared with an attack of the disease. To keep his resistance at a high enough level, single booster doses are given at about two years of age and again just before he enters school. Other physicians recommend three or four booster doses. You should do whatever your private physician or the clinic doctor advises on this.

Vaccination with vaccine virus protects your child against smallpox. This is usually done after the course of injections we have just mentioned has been completed. Many youngsters are vaccinated early in their second year. Your child should be revaccinated shortly before he enters school. All these procedures are entirely harmless and they have saved millions of children

from death or debilitating disease.

Measles and whooping cough are very serious in young or delicate children and you should do all you can to prevent your youngsters from catching them. If other children in your neighborhood are suffering from these diseases you would be wise to keep your preschool youngsters by themselves in your own back yard. Both measles and whooping cough start off like a cold and they are very infectious at this stage. That is the main reason why they are so easily spread. Your physician may suggest giving antimeasles serum to babies under two or to children who are in poor condition, if they have been exposed to this disease, in order to minimize the severity of an attack.

If you suspect that one of your youngsters has an infectious disease, put him to bed and then call your doctor. The rashes in many of them vary quite a bit, and you don't know enough about them to tell them apart. Our chart will help you to know what to look for. +

LET HERBS HELP YOU

*There's no reason why good food
can't be downright delicious. Here's how*

By JAMES BANNERMAN

ONE DAY in the winter of 1940, a French army cook stationed in the Maginot Line refused point-blank to make soup for dinner. For this he was court-martialled. His defense was that he didn't have any thyme to put in the soup, and that therefore he shouldn't have been ordered to make it. The court promptly returned a verdict of not guilty on the ground that without a touch of thyme to save it from flatness, the soup wouldn't have been worth eating.

It's impossible to imagine a Canadian army cook facing a court-martial on a charge like that. As a nation we pride ourselves on our good plain cooking—which often means good only in the sense that it isn't bad, and plain only in the sense that a man with a squint and bad teeth isn't handsome. We tend to season with offhand dashes of salt and pepper and let it go at that, counting on the virtual certainty that the food's going to be doused with catsup or some other rousing condiment anyway. But adding the taste to things after they're on the table is a poor substitute for putting it in while they're still on the stove.

There's no reason why good plain food shouldn't be irresistibly delicious. There are several ways of making it so, but about the simplest and most effective of these kitchen tricks is the use of herbs, which can turn the dulllest dish into a mouthwatering treat by a sort of kindly magic. If you're like most Canadians you haven't given herb cookery much thought, and if you'd

care to try your hand at it, here are a few pointers to help you start.

Herbs and Spices

First off there's the question of what herbs are. Putting it unscientifically and informally, they're plants whose leaves or flowers taste nice in food whether they're dried or fresh—as distinguished from spices, which taste nice too but are generally dried, often powdered, and are stronger and more aromatic.

Another difference between herbs and spices, at least where Canada is concerned, is that herbs aren't nearly as easy to come by. But in our larger towns you can almost always find a wide enough variety for a basic cooking supply if you're willing to hunt for them. Hostess shops in department stores are likely to have a fairly good choice. So are the party food sections of big groceries and supermarkets.

If you can't buy them anywhere in your locality they can be ordered by mail from professional herb-growers, although these specialists are pretty rare in this country. Or you can grow them yourself, in your garden or even in a window box, which is not only pleasant to do but gives you fresh herbs for part of the year if you should happen to prefer them. So there's really nothing to keep Canadians from cooking with herbs—except one thing. We still haven't overcome our curious prejudice against it.

Some of this comes from the belief that it's a new-fangled fad, and that

cooking without herbs is much more respectably rooted in tradition. The fact is that it's precisely the other way round. The Greeks were seasoning their food with herbs a good twenty-five hundred years ago, and before them the Egyptians had been doing it since the dawn of time.

The belief that herb cookery is a recent fad is no more mistaken than the idea that it's a kind of minor luxury. Ten or fifteen cents a month would pay for all the herbs you'd be likely to need in cooking for even a big family, and you could stock up with a useful number of basic herbs and still have change left out of a two-dollar bill. About the only really expensive herb is Spanish saffron, which can run close to a dollar for a few mere pinches, but there aren't many dishes that gain much from it, and a pinch goes a long way.

Besides being very old and very cheap, cooking with herbs is very easy. For one thing there aren't any rules, and you can safely disregard any statement about herb cookery that isn't just a suggestion. The nearest approach to a rule is that since herbs can be added but not subtracted, it's better to start seasoning with less rather than more than you think a dish calls for.

Six for a Start

Purely as a suggestion, a good basic stock to begin your herb cookery with would be these six—basil, marjoram, sage, savory, tarragon and thyme. Do-as-I-tell-you food writers often insist on a much wider variety, some claiming that you can't really do yourself justice with fewer than twelve kinds of herbs on hand. But like everything else to do with this branch of cooking, the number of herbs you really need is a matter of opinion, and it isn't the writer's opinion that counts. It's yours.

There are two reasons for suggesting this particular half-dozen as your starting equipment. One is that all the herbs on the list are fairly easy to come by, being more likely than most others to be found in stores and calling for no great gardening skill if you want to grow them. The other reason is that each of them has an unmistakable taste of its own, clearly and noticeably different from any of the others.

The advantage of availability is obvious, since there isn't much point in recommending a herb that is only sold in the bazaars of Istanbul, and can be grown only in northeastern Turkey. The advantage of having six sharply different tastes to work with isn't quite so obvious, because it lies in the fact that you won't be up against subtle distinctions, and subtle distinctions of taste are rightly regarded as one of the chief charms of herb cookery. But when you're beginning your experiments, it isn't a bad idea to keep things simple. There'll be time later on to be subtle.

Now we'll take the six herbs just listed and go into their characteristics, the kinds of food they're usually thought to go best with, and so on.

Basil Is an Antique

As we've already seen, there's nothing new about the use of herbs in cooking, but even in a field where almost everything is so deeply rooted in antiquity, basil has an outstandingly long history. It was one of the favorite herbs of the ancient Greeks, who loved its delicately aromatic pungency but

associated it for some strange reason with hatred and violence. They carried this idea to such lengths that they cursed and swore at it loudly and continuously when they were planting it, because they believed that if they didn't it wouldn't flourish. And for uncountable centuries before the Greek civilization, the Hindus had been revering basil as a holy herb, and growing beds of it near their temples and houses to help protect them against evil spirits.

In our own time the chief traditional

belief about basil is that it's the best of all herbs for seasoning tomatoes, and that it tastes equally wonderful with them, whether it's sprinkled on them when they're eaten raw in salads or added to them while they're cooking. It goes well with most other vegetables too (although it isn't perhaps at its most effective with strong-flavored ones like parsnips or Jerusalem artichokes), and it gives a nice touch to dishes with cheese in them. It can be used with meat too—particularly when you're

cooking veal cutlets which are simply to be braised in butter or olive oil and served plain without being breaded.

This isn't the place to go into a lot of detailed recipes for herb cookery, if indeed there are any recipes for something which is really just a question of seasoning, but there's one sensationally delicious specific use of basil it would be a pity not to mention. Shell some fresh peas and put them in a good thick frying pan which can be fairly tightly covered with a lid, and in which you've



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melted butter in the proportion of one tablespoonful to each pound of peas—reckoning their weight before shelling. Stir the peas around with a fork until they're all thoroughly coated with the butter, cover the pan, and put it over very low heat. After ten or fifteen minutes, or however long it may take for the peas to cook tender, take the pan off the heat and sprinkle the peas with about a half teaspoonful of dried basil, which should be lightly stirred in among them. Then cover the pan again and let it stand at the back of the stove for a few minutes. The peas will then be ready to eat—firm, bright green, and tasting as splendid as they look.

Marjoram For a Sweet Note

The next herb on the list of six is marjoram, which also had a tradition among the ancient Greeks. They thought the goddess of love was the first person to grow it, and consequently the qualities they associated with it were the exact opposite of hatred and violence. Nowadays it's best known for the way it has of blending in with just about any dish and adding a faint sweet note to the underlying taste of the meat

or the vegetables or whatever. The Italians think marjoram is so conspicuously good with mushrooms that they call it "the mushroom herb," and if you try it the next time you cook a mushroom dish you'll probably agree that they've got something.

There's no hard and fast rule about the amount of marjoram to use, any more than there are rules about other herbs, but at the same time there's a thing it might be well to keep in mind. Marjoram (that is, the sweet kind as opposed to wild marjoram, which is more commonly called oregano) has a rather light taste. So on the whole it's indicated to use more of it than of most herbs—as much as a teaspoonful in a casserole dish intended to serve four people, for instance. As to what casserole dish to use it in you can pretty well take your pick, but many herb-fanciers claim it's exceptionally delicious with dishes based on chicken or veal—or, as noted, on mushrooms. And in the tomato of spaghetti sauce it's a grand addition, either by itself in relatively lavish quantities or with basil, in which case it's advisable to use it more sparingly.

Sage, the next of the suggested six,

is probably familiar to more Canadians than any other herb except maybe savory, but that doesn't mean that it's always used to the best advantage. On the contrary, it's habitually abused in seasoning the classic mixture of soggy breadcrumbs and half-raw pieces of onion which is shoved into chicken and turkey before roasting, and which is accurately described as "stuffing."

The abuse isn't in the actual use of sage, which has a fine hearty taste and a supremely appetizing smell, but in the use of a great deal too much of it. Unlike ducks and geese, with which sage goes so well that it might almost have been brought into the world for no other purpose, chicken and turkey are birds whose meat is delicate and comparatively bland. And the heartiness of sage is such that even in small pinches it's apt to encroach on this bland delicacy and rob it of its full value. In the amounts that are customarily used to season stuffing, sage not only encroaches, it intrudes, with the result that it quite literally overpowers the taste it's only supposed to underline.

If you're open to suggestion on a matter so hallowed by tradition, try cutting away down on the sage in your stuffing—or even leaving it out altogether and substituting a blend of savory, thyme and basil. Another good experiment with sage is to use a little of it for seasoning beans, either in baking them or in cooking fresh green or wax ones. The trick there is to go easy with it, because sage can overpower the taste of vegetables even more easily than it can the taste of chicken. It's so strong in fact that the ancients believed it could actually prolong life. The English in the time of the first Queen Elizabeth believed that too, and as late as the reign of George the Third an old villager named Scarlet attributed his fantastic age (he was still quite spry at a hundred and twenty) entirely to his habit of drinking sage tea.

Savory, the runner-up to sage in familiarity, is also a hallowed ingredient in Canadian poultry stuffing, and there's a similar tendency to use too much of it. Too much, that is, if the idea is to keep the seasoning subordinate to the chicken. Otherwise there's no limit to the amount that can be included with the bread and onions, and it's one herb that undeniably lives up to its name. There's a kind of sparkling sharpness about the



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PREPARING FOR BABY

Chatelaine Bulletin No. 601

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aromatic taste and smell of savory that keeps it from being as blunt and forthright as sage—yet it's nearly as overpowering if you don't go lightly.

One way of going lightly is to use the kind called winter savory, instead of the better-known summer variety. Winter savory is noticeably milder, and although the taste isn't exactly the same, it's near enough to the summer kind to be used interchangeably in the same dishes. Green salads for instance, or sprinkled on pork chops just before they're ready to take out of the pan, or with green beans—especially as the seasoning for a melted butter and lemon juice sauce to pour over them. Germans think even more highly of savory with beans than Italians do of marjoram with mushrooms, and they show their regard in the German name for it—Bohnenkraut, or "bean cabbage."

Tarragon Is Almost New

The two remaining herbs on our suggested basic list are tarragon and thyme, which are about as different from each other as they could possibly be. To start with tarragon, it has the distinction of being new as herbs are reckoned—or at any rate new to most of Europe north of the Mediterranean area. The English, who were using herbs long before the Norman conquest, didn't get round to tarragon until the days of the Tudors, and even then it was only grown in the gardens of the royal palaces—presumably because it was thought much too good for the common people.

Nowadays it's mostly used as a seasoning for vinegar, and the vinegar seasoned with it is mostly used for dressing salads. Tarragon is also popular as a suitable herb to go with seafood, and lobster in particular. This popularity is thoroughly well deserved, but it's a little apt to overshadow some of the other good ways of using tarragon. The leaves, either fresh or dried but

preferably fresh, do a lot to pick up the taste of salads of almost any kind—except of course the abominations that are so smothered in whipped cream and garnished with cherries and bits of apple and banana that they're really misbegotten sundaes.

Add tarragon to plain mayonnaise made with butter, egg yolk and lemon juice, and you'll have a tartare sauce that's nothing short of celestial with beefsteak. Tarragon can also transform good old boiled fowl and white sauce, a dish which isn't always too tasty, if you simply put a quarter of a teaspoonful into the fowl's inside before you boil it, and stir about the same amount into the white sauce when it gets to the final stage of the blending. And if you find yourself with some leftover veal on your hands, try cutting it up into bite-sized pieces and simmering them gently for half an hour in tarragon-seasoned white sauce plus a little white wine or sherry.

Thyme Adds Lightness

Thyme, as you'll have gathered from the courageous stand the French army cook took on it, is an important seasoning for soup. It's particularly well adapted to pea and bean soup, which it saves from a certain inherent flatness, and to any of the meat soups and broths where there's a risk of greasiness if the fat isn't skimmed off quite carefully enough. This is because the outstanding characteristic of thyme is the clean freshness of its fragrance, that gives lightness to what might be called the fat taste of fat.

Good though thyme is in soup, however, its chief value as a basic herb is that it's good with practically everything else too. As an example, see what happens to scrambled eggs when there's a pinch or two of thyme beaten up with them before the cooking starts. The end product will have the fundamental qualities of everyday scrambled

BRINGING UP BABY

Hints collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber Mother of Five!



Mrs. Dan Gerber

"Necessity is the mother of invention," said a great man a long time ago. How true! Especially in the case of young mothers. They are inventive because they jolly well have to be.

One such mother we've heard about recently showed her remarkable ingenuity this way: when her baby outgrew his first little knit suits she snipped off the crotch—hemmed up the raw edges and converted the suits to useful "polo" shirts. A bright little brainstorm that's most certainly worth a try.



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Well-begun, half-done . . . an old truth that applies to modern baby feeding. Doctors add new foods at a fast pace, partly for good nutrition—but also because they know that getting used to plentiful variety at an early age makes for good future eating habits throughout all the baby years.

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Blanket rule. When buying crib blankets why not get two of the same color? As baby outgrows the small size, it's a cinch to make a large one by stitching the two together.

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eggs, and something else that baffles description but that's as wholesome as a spring breeze. In salad, thyme is considered by many good judges as the herb supreme. A touch of it in the butter when you fry a halibut steak will give that normally staid-tasting fish an almost raffish flavor. Added to whatever liquid you use for basting a plain roast of veal, which can be pretty insipid, thyme has the same enlivening effect. It can even invigorate a simple rabbit stew. Yet in these perkings-up, it does

the job without clashing with the essential taste of the meat or fish.

Rosemary, Dill, Chives . . .

Thyme brings us to the end of the list of six herbs that were suggested as a starting stock for your herb cookery. There are at least ten times as many more cooking herbs in the full repertory, and twenty or thirty times as many if you count different varieties of the same herb—for example orange thyme, lemon thyme and caraway thyme. There are

a good half-dozen others besides our six which could just as rightly be classed as basic, and which we'll run through briefly now.

There's rosemary, a herb as delightful as its name and a wonderfully fine seasoning for meat. Dill, most often thought of only in connection with dill pickles but a grand herb to season boiled potatoes with, or to use in sauces for fish. Chives, a species of ethereal spring onion with a subdued charm of its own, and the further attraction that it can

be grown in little flower pots on the kitchen window ledge. Mint, so celebrated as the heart of the inevitable sauce for roast lamb that it's seldom realized how well it goes as a herb for cooking with green vegetables, and notably with new peas. Oregano, the stronger-tasting variant of marjoram. Chervil, a splendid salad herb that's also good for seasoning creamy soups and in most egg dishes.

Again purely as a suggestion, those six might well be the next herbs you add to your list when you've learned to use the starting six in the ways that please you most. You might even like to keep on enlarging the number, and try more out-of-the-ordinary herbs such as angelica, feverfew, hyssop, lovage, valerian and yarrow. On the other hand your experiments with the basic six may convince you that you can get along fine without using herbs at all.

That isn't likely, but it could happen, and the chances are that if it does it's because you've made one or more well-meaning but disastrous mistakes in the way you went about it. The first, and much the most usual, is simply to overdo the quantities of herbs you cook with. Start with a little, and if you don't think it's enough keep adding a little more each time you make the dish until you reach the point where you're satisfied.

The second mistake is overdoing frequency rather than quantity. Don't let yourself get herb-happy in the early flush of enthusiasm and start adding herbs to every dish at every meal. Don't even add them to one dish at every meal in the beginning. Many people find that a liking for herbs is an acquired taste, and that it has to grow on them in its own good time. So give the herbs and yourself a fair chance, and get the habit by gradual degrees.

One final suggestion. Whatever you do, don't talk much about your herb cookery at table, and be particularly careful not to tell people there are herbs in what they're eating. They may not be as willing to experiment as you are. If they don't care for the taste they'll say so soon enough if they're family, and look politely distressed if they're company. If however they haven't been forewarned, they'll probably smack their lips and ask for seconds of things they never liked before.

We Canadians being as conservative about our food as we are, one of the most useful maxims for Canadian herb cooks to bear in mind is the old reliable saying that what people don't know can't hurt them. You can well afford to practice this mild form of deceit by holding back the truth, because it won't be long before they start asking admiring questions. And when they do, basking in their startled praise of this fine new thing, you'll be glad you waited. +

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ST. THOMAS - ONTARIO

KILLING YOUR FEET?

Continued from page 5

totally taboo. "They permit the ankle to move from side to side and milady will find her dainty ankle getting bigger and bigger from the stress on the ligaments of the ankle joint."

Heel-less shoes with back straps are even worse. In plain talk, "the strap exerts pressure and causes those hideous egglike bumps on the heels."

The open-strap sandal makes Gorosh wince. "The instep strap cuts off a main artery, the backstrap cuts across a tendon, the forefoot strap cuts across two toe joints. Result? Three corns, a bunionette and lumps on the heels."

Open-toed shoes, as you might guess by now, are also frowned on, particularly if worn without stockings or sockettes. "The tiniest scratch invites infection."

Gorosh points out that the best shoes in the world won't help unless the foot has first been examined and restored to "something like normal." But the woman who has healthy feet can keep them that way if she makes sure the shoes she wears for work have:

A military or cuban heel—nothing over two inches.

A rubber heel. The rubber heel prevents the wearer from slipping but still allows the sole of the shoe to slide enough to prevent jarring. The rubber heel also helps preserve the ankle from shock.

A leather sole. Only a leather sole supplies adequate ventilation. A composition sole is a solid mass, which increases the probability of bromidrosis and hyperidrosis—the foot specialist's polite names for feet that smell and perspire. Rubber soles are inadvisable, because in walking the shoe remains anchored to the floor but the foot slides forward with the motion of the body and jars against the end of the shoe.

Laces. Only a laced shoe gives proper support to the longitudinal arch and to the ankle.

Next to picking shoes for style instead of proper support, Gorosh says women's saddest error is in wearing shoes that are from one to two sizes too small. "In ninety-five percent of the cases that come to my attention, the shoes are too narrow or too short or both. And if by any chance the size is right, the last is wrong."

For the right fit he suggests:

1. Buy your shoes between two and four p.m., when your feet have assumed their normal shape and size.
2. Stand and put your weight on your feet when they are being measured.
3. Have both feet measured (very few people have feet exactly the same size).
4. Try on both shoes. Many women try on only the shoe for their bigger or longer foot. But the shoe for the shorter foot might prove to be too narrow, or otherwise uncomfortable.
5. Never tell the shoe clerk the size you want. The moment you do his responsibility ceases.
6. Remember that price is no criterion of fit. The medium-priced shoe that fits properly is better for your feet than the high-priced shoe that causes a corn.
7. Get expert advice on what is the correct last for your feet.
8. Be guided by the fitter, not by the store X-ray machine. "The X-ray shows

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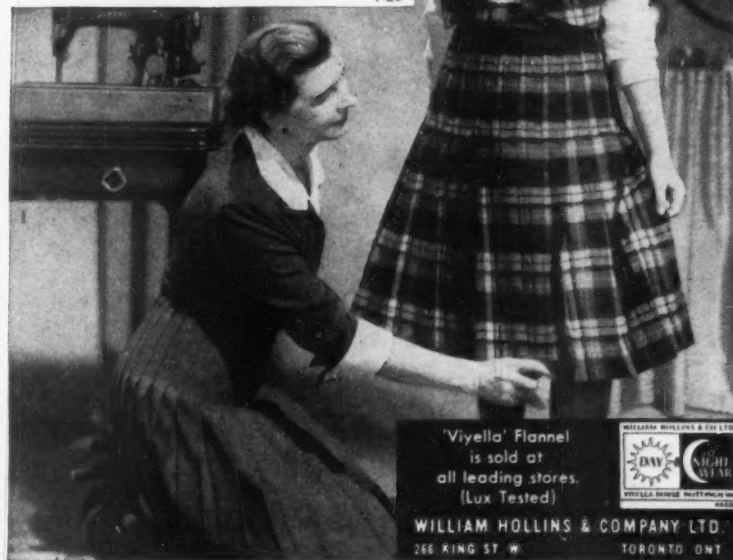
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JM-153

the bony structure of the foot, but it does not show the impingement of the soft tissues."

Foot comfort also demands care in buying hosiery. Gorosh says that stockings that are too short or too narrow won't injure the foot itself, but they will damage the nails and are often the cause of ingrown toenails.

All-nylon hose have one serious defect in that they don't permit evaporation. "A film of moisture forms between the stocking and the skin, causing skin irritation. Women who suffer from a burning sensation on the soles of the feet would be advised to wear a nylon stocking with a cotton foot."

Gorosh is always reminding parents to guard the health of their children's feet as well as their own. "Even in six weeks a child can grow out of his shoes to such an extent they will do his feet permanent damage if he keeps on wearing them. Mothers should be particularly vigilant in summer when children grow twice as fast as in winter."

J. I. Gorosh would like to see a college of chiropody launched in Canada. On his record, chances are he'll see the college built some day, too. But he's not enough of an optimist to think he'll ever live to see the day when women start giving their poor overworked feet a break. +



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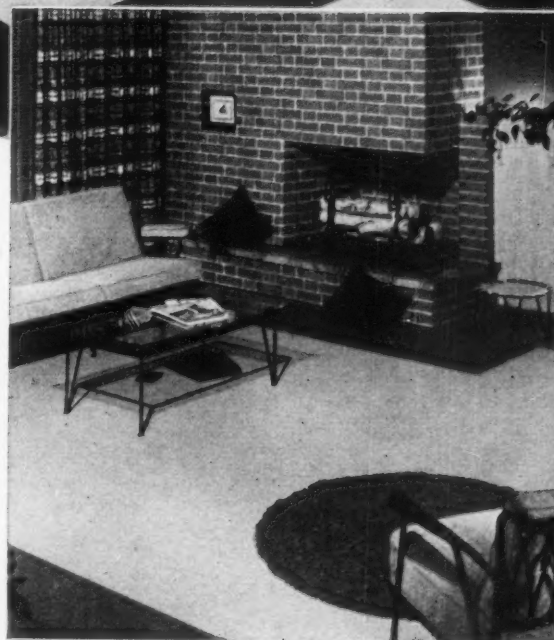
With Dominion Inlaid Linoleum you can dream a theme to fit *every* room—it comes in a complete range of wonderful shades and colours. Illustrated booklets to help you plan may be obtained by writing: Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Limited, Home Planning Dept., D2, 2200 St. Catherine St. E., Montreal.

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April 1954

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